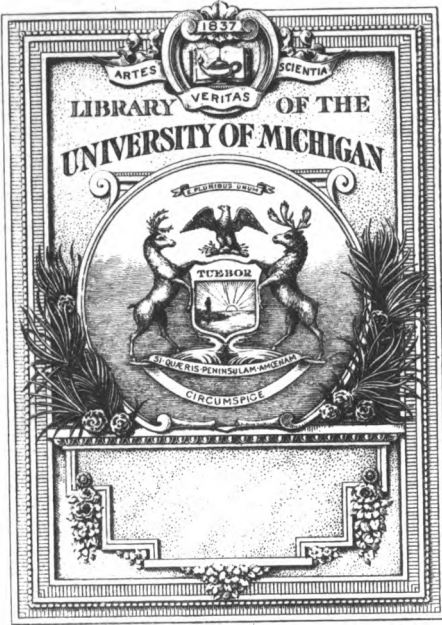


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FROM

# BABYLON TO JERUSALEM.

BY

COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN, *Ida Marie*

*Luise Sophie Friederike Gustave*  
*gräfin, 1805-1880*



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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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THE writings of Countess Hahn Hahn are distinguished by a peculiar grace and beauty which must necessarily suffer a considerable loss by passing into another language ; the subject that, enveloped in her words, appears as a bride attired for the bridegroom, when clothed in the humble garb of a translation is like the bride that has thrown off her becoming attire, and wrapped herself in a morning gown.

That a better translation might easily have been produced, I am quite ready to allow ; but it could not have been undertaken by one who feels a more lively interest in every thing connected with the conversion of the authoress. And having known her and loved her for many years, and having executed the task whilst living under the same roof and in daily intercourse with her, I believe I have successfully avoided deteriorating from the idea, however the style or the diction may have suffered in the translation.

To those in England who have watched the fluctuations of mundane affairs since the important February

of 1848, it cannot but be interesting to know how they operated upon a person who, belonging to the higher classes of German society, and gifted with talent to perceive, and a high sense of honour to regret, the extreme consequences to which the spirit of democracy was driving an infatuated generation, felt that there was no hope left, no place of refuge, but in the bosom of that church, which not only withstood the storms and tempests, but, like the ark on the waters of the deluge, arose buoyant above them all, to the saving of the Christian faith, which was all but annihilated in Germany.

To those, however, who have beheld these things over an intervening channel, which has been a bulwark for the defence of England from similar miseries, it may not be amiss to say a few words that, without entering into tedious details, may give an idea of the condition of Germany, and explain the deep melancholy of any one who, with a love of order, a love of honour, and a respect for Christianity, is now obliged to call himself a German.

When the whole earth was startled by the outbreak of the political volcano, which actually threw the civilized world off its hinges, and laid dynasties and empires low, to struggle in convulsions on the broad expanse of Europe ; when every day brought with it a

fresh phenomenon, that, like the writhing throes of an expiring giant, was unexpected to the very moment of its appearance ; when a great day of reckoning was held, and all institutions, all forms, the whole complicated fabric of social and political life was weighed in the balance and found wanting ; when the actions of men and monarchs, of laws and principles, were tried, and a judgment pronounced on them ; when an invisible hand wrote in legible letters of fire, on the walls of every land, “ mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,” and wherever the eye fell it encountered nothing but revolt, destruction, and despair ;—at that very time of agitation and tumult the Catholic church collected her powers, called forth her best energies, her wise men and zealous children devoted themselves in the spirit of love and self-sacrifice to the rescue of Christianity. Taking advantage of the universal cry of “ Freedom and unity!” which innumerable thousands shouted without attaching any meaning to it, the people demanded and gained that freedom which could no longer be refused to them, when it was granted to every thing else—the freedom of directing and managing that which concerns none but themselves, that freedom which can be used for the welfare of mankind only when it is in connexion with religious unity and Christian love. To future ages it will appear almost a miracle, and to the

present age it must be evident that the hand of Providence has appointed it, and chosen the Catholic church at the very moment when she seemed on the brink of an awful precipice, and tottered as if she were to fall; when millions rejoiced in her humiliation, and the words passed from mouth to mouth, "The glory of the Pontificate is gone! The Papacy is destroyed!" that then her moral power over the earth began to stem the wild tide of infidelity, and she stood forth to oppose the progress of civilized barbarism, in the shape of atheistic democracy, with the undaunted courage, the undying vigour with which she had in past ages withstood the impetuous current of northern invasion to the rescue of the faith of Christ. The council in Wurzburg was followed by the meeting of the Catholic Association in Mayence, in October 1848; and from the exertions of that society, which has taken the name of the "Pius Verein," a new impulse has been given to Catholic life in Germany, and twenty-five millions of Catholics may hope to regenerate the future, by infusing into the rotten mass the leaven of Catholicism. The founding of this society in Mayence was the signal for the appearance of similar societies over all Germany, from the Tyrolean Alps to the Baltic sea, from the banks of the "bounding Rhine" to the frontiers of Poland, all working in one spirit, with

one aim towards one end. The meeting of the Bishops in Wurzburg was the most important synod that has been held by the Catholic church since the meeting of the Council of Trent, and the establishment of the "Pius Verein" the most extraordinary result of Catholic vitality since the birth of the order of Jesus. Whether we can look into the future with hope for continental Europe, or resign ourselves to the decline of civilization in this quarter of the globe, depends upon the probability or improbability of the re-establishment of Christianity in the degenerate race that has been taught to spurn it.

The cry for "unity and freedom!" which at the outbreak of the Revolution, rang through Germany, produced the most ridiculous phenomena in the political horizon that has appeared for some ages—namely, the Frankfort Parliament, where a vast number of German professors, and a still greater number of German theorists, sat to concoct a system of government, that, like the tower of Babel, was to open an entrance into a heaven for the people, a perfect paradise for the mob. This notable assembly, after having promised to create a new order of things, that was to give every conceivable and inconceivable right and privilege to the people, divided amongst themselves, fell off from each other, presented not only a second example of

the confusion of tongues, but a more terrible example of a confusion of ideas—a ridiculous figure, for “the hand of scorn to point her slow and moving finger at.”

A circumstance that occurred when the members of the Frankfort Parliament first met with the idea of producing a new political fabric for the future happiness of central Europe, may tend more than any argument to show what the evil is that lies at the bottom of all the misery we complain of, and to show Englishmen that the demand for the freedom of all ranks, the franchise of all classes, the great words “liberty and unity,” mean very different things here to the ideas that are attached to them in Great Britain. A venerable bishop, who, attending in the Catholic interest the opening of the parliament, ventured to advise them to begin the new work with calling down the blessing of God upon their attempts; his words were met with scoffing and shouts of “Away with the service of God! There is no time for praying.” And this answer to his advice was received with deafening applause. Where does the evil lie?—the evil of the present age?—Can any one doubt after having read the previous anecdote,—in infidelity—which has been undermining every government, every institution, and rendered all so hollow and decayed,

that the first rude touch of the finger of democracy overthrew them.

It has been asserted by many, and with great truth, that the revolution of 1848 was a literary revolution. This much is certain, the whole German literature, since the days of Lessing, has been essentially anti-christian. The German literature was Christian in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when it stood as high in the estimation of the world as the empire of which it was the ornament, and the church of which it was the reflection. The Reformation destroyed the Christian character of German literature; and at a subsequent period, German princes aided and encouraged the spirit of infidelity, under the false name of enlightenment and freedom of thought. The Emperor Joseph Second of Austria, and Frederick Second of Prussia, did their utmost to spread the infectious poison amongst their people. But the day of reckoning has come, and the actions of monarchs and of men are punished or rewarded on to the fourth and fifth generation.

The German literature began again to take a high stand in Europe in the last half of the last century. Lessing may be looked upon as its champion, and the direction which his school gave to the literary spirit has been continued and developed unto the present

day. It was not a Protestant literature as in England ; no, if any one supposes the positive doctrines of Protestantism to be contained in the modern German literature, he is much mistaken. It contains all the different shades of a removal from Christianity—rationalism, deism, pantheism, atheism, and adoration of self; the creature, instead of the Creator, runs through all. And as the Jewish element has been so strongly mixed up with German philosophy, the German intellect, taken en masse, has assumed a half-Jewish half-heathenish colour. Of late years, literature and art have been sold to the Jews (with a few noble exceptions), and they are turning them, in combination with various other means, to their own advantage. At the present moment German philosophy may be called a bankrupt ; German literature and German art a Judaised heathen.

Of the German philosophers, Kant alone attempted to introduce the Christian moral into his philosophical system, for which reason he is considered the Protestant philosopher, although, in fact, he retained nothing of the Protestant faith but the belief in a God and the immortality of the soul ; and in recognising the Christian moral law, he expressly tells us he does so because he could not reject it without falling into a contradiction of his own reason, all its demands on



the obedience of man being the demands of practical sense. A few years later, Fichte discovered that a God was superfluous ; that instead of a supreme spiritual being, in whom the attributes of divinity were concentrated, there existed a moral law of order diffused throughout creation. Next came Schelling, with his philosophic play on the identity of the real with the ideal, his brilliant intellect tearing away the legitimate standard by which every idea until then had been measured, and rendering Fichte's moral law of order a deceptive appearance only. Hegel completed the system of negation which the others had been working at ; his philosophy annuls the belief in either God or immortality, and gives as the sum total of all wisdom this sentence, that the thinking principle in man is all in all. Hegel's system destroys the basis of morality, and yet this is the school which has the most numerous followers in Germany. That the disciples of such a system should preach the destruction of all and every religion, the overturn of all and every government, is not to be wondered at ; and if the Catholic church cannot impede the destructive current of such philosophy, we may expect to hear its partizans sing the praises of Robespierre, and imitate the outrages of the revolution of 1789.

In the three departments of life — Philosophy

Literature and Art—the Catholic church has been idle, because there was no path opened to her that she dared to follow; her children became listless, careless, and eventually half-protestantised, or rather half-heathenised, and the Catholic church was openly scoffed at as the representative of superstition and stupidity, even by those who had been baptised and confirmed by her holy sacraments. It was not to be wondered at. Joseph the Second had intercepted the communication of the Austrian Catholics with their spiritual head—had taken the ecclesiastical jurisdiction into his own hands, had reduced the church as near as possible to the state of the Greek church under the eastern emperors; and by clothing her with the humiliating appearance of a mere servant of the state, instead of allowing her to work for the welfare of the state as a servant of the Most High, prevented her children from pursuing their worldly career under her protection, in developing their intellectual talents under her patronage. But as the German empire had arisen into greatness under the unity of faith which the church gave to it, and as no state can stand upon any other principle but that on which it arose, so the events of the last three years and three months have taught to the Emperor of Austria the useful lesson of the necessity of returning to the faith.

The church has been released from her bondage, her hands have been unbound — she has arisen from her torpor, and strides forward to solve the great questions of the day. And the future hopes of Germany must collect around her, or be lost for ever; for she is the only strong moral power that Germany has left.

In the perusal of the following translation, these things must be remembered, in order to prevent any misunderstanding of the meaning of various portions of it. The English Protestant is a different being from the German Protestant; and if the reproach which the Count De Maistres has made to the Anglican church be true, namely, that it presupposes Christ to have taken upon himself the nature of man for the sake of that church alone, it, at all events, has prevented the members of that church from falling into a tacit disbelief of Christ's divinity.

Nothing more remains for me to say. On all other points the book speaks for itself, and renders further remark not only unnecessary, but superfluous.

ELIZABETH ATCHERLEY.

Mayence, May 20th.



FROM

BABYLON TO JERUSALEM.

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SOLI DEO GLORIA!

I BELIEVE!—Oh, if there were but words to express the feelings with which I say, I believe! A more than earthly joy advances to meet a more than earthly sorrow, and they give, as it were, the hand to each other—to have found eternal truth, but—so late! to behold eternal beauty, but—so late! To know that I have ever, through my whole life, been led on by the thirst for the one, the longing for the other, and now, to think that I have discovered their source—so late! To be obliged to confess that perhaps a little more vigour in the exercise of the will, a single step of my internal being nearer to the light of divine wisdom, might have brought me, years ago, upon the path which I am now treading. Oh, bitter would be the pain and sorrow of such a confession, if pain and sorrow were not lost in victory, swallowed up in a

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sense of immortal triumph, that so operates upon the mortal man, so melts this earthly life together with the life eternal, that we forget to reckon time according to years and days, because years and days receive another sense, another import, another value when we say, I believe!—Such feelings might have inspired a herald of victory, in the days of old, to fly from the battle-field to his native town, proclaiming that the enemy had been conquered and destroyed. Weary, covered with dust, bleeding from every wound, and his weapons worn out in the struggle, the poor herald arrives;—the spectators perceive his pitiable plight, but he perceives it not, knows it not, feels it not; and if he knew it, it would be all the same; for his soul is filled with one idea:—Victory! victory! he cries, our fatherland is delivered! And thus I, the poor, poor messenger of good news, but a thousand times happier than he who triumphs in an earthly battle-field, exclaim, Victory! our fatherland has gained! I believe!

But who believes not? Faith, as a religious feeling, presents itself to our view everywhere. Its developments are visible in distant centuries, in long-lost ages, in extinct nations and their unexplained monuments and ruins, in mystic rites, in the rude Feticch worship, in embryo presentiments and unfathomable mysteries, in the wildest hordes and the most highly civilized nations. And if so, why this

joy, this exultation? If so, why have I supposed that I alone have been wandering about, wild and solitary, in the dark night of infidelity? I must have been enlivened by faith as well as others. Oh, yes, I believed, but “the devils also believe, and tremble.” Eve, too, believed the serpent—and fell. The Egyptians believed—in Apis; the Phœnicians—in Baal and Astarte; the idolater believes—in the wooden block which he himself has carved into an image, and that, too, out of the same tree which supplied him with fuel for warmth and cooking—as the sublime Isaiah expresses it, when he alludes to that blindness of the soul, in words of such mournful majesty, which end thus :—“He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul,” Isaiah xliv. 13—20. Oh, yes, I believed! in a self-created God—and my portion was ashes! in idols—and they fell into the dust, or into the grave—and my portion was ashes. They could not rescue my soul, nor comfort her, nor redeem her, nor sanctify her; my portion was ashes. My Lord and my God! how mournful it is to acknowledge that I believed so long, so deeply, earnestly, constantly, and warmly, in that which thou wast not, but which I with unrestrained temerity called God. And to this something I gave thy attributes, placed myself in its care, and felt as secure under its guidance, as if it had been the eternal truth, the divine love itself! felt certain of immorta-

lity, the forgiveness of sins and life everlasting—because I felt the want of all this, I longed for it, and could not solve the enigma of this life, without finding its signification in another—because I was endowed with a lively sense of religion, which, in its natural state is not incompatible with the worshipping of idols. But my portion was ashes, for this sense of religion was not enough to rescue my soul when the moment of trial came, and I asked myself the question—What now? absolute submission or absolute revolt? With all my religious feelings, I was on the verge of rebellion. Oh, that was a fearful time, and now, I can scarcely believe that I have been so recently rescued from it. It appears to me that a whole century must have elapsed since then, so distant does it now lie from me. But not so distant either, as to prevent my seeing and recognizing it in its true light, as well as the whole epoch of which it formed the term.

As in a subterranean cavern has my whole life been spent until within the last few months. I beautified this cavern with all my best energies and strongest efforts, with sincere love, with much toil, and many scalding tears—and ever with the firm conviction that it was not a cavern, but a holy temple. I kindled lamps, tapers, and torches there—as many as my poor intellect could produce. I brought flowers into it—as many as my poor heart could find. I erected altars



there and sacrificed to my idols—love, truth, ambition—these three genii which, according as they raise their tents in the redeemed or unredeemed soul, lead to an abyss or to glory. Love in the unredeemed nature drags the creature with it into a slavery of self, which is in that proportion dangerous, as all that is naturally good in him is held ready to be offered up to it. He desires to suffer with the object of his love, to mourn, abstain, and offer up all his own wishes, to deny himself, and retain nothing, but to sacrifice all for rendering the other happy ; and out of this longing and striving arises a fine, fragrant, almost imperceptible selfishness, which, operating like the aroma of the splendid lily upon the lovely blossoms of the orange tree, lames, stuns, intoxicates, so that even if no actual disappointment should occur, lassitude and enervation step in to make the heart so faint and heavy, that it sometimes feels as if it must fall prostrate before that mysterious sadness, which, like a melancholy shade, arises, and seems to say : “ Hast thou then really found that which can suffice for all eternity, give thee satisfaction, and prove the source of true happiness to thee ? ” and if he undauntedly answer “ Yes,” the yes dissolves into a sigh, and then, when he sighs “ Ah ! ” he knows not himself how much of pain is concentrated in that “ Ah ! ”—of pain, that might be almost called ideal, like Ixion, when he beheld the goddess floating from his arms in the

unsubstantial form of an empty cloud. And because self is fostered by the whole might of love, it assumes immense proportions, and forces selfishness to its most refined extreme, where it is held suspended but by a hair over a yawning gulph—but, as it is suspended, it persuades itself it is in heaven—or near it. Oh, blindness and ignorance ! In the redeemed man all is otherwise ; in him self nourishes by its sacrifices the strength of love until it gradually disappears, until, at length, sinking beneath the horizon like an erratic comet, the sun of grace rises in the eternal East, kindling with its beams the flame of love, as the fire kindled upon the altar of Abel, showing his sacrifice to have been pleasing to his God, because to him he had offered it.

The search after truth creates just as much confusion in the unredeemed man as love. He has no settled point from which he can set out on his search, and he stands not so as to be able to look with calmness and humility, hope and trust, towards the eternal centre of all truth, divine revelation ; his position shows it to him from an oblique direction, he views it sideways, or may even turn his back upon it. The focus is hidden from him, and he sees not whence the rays proceed ; lights and shades fall upon his vision in strange irregularity, calling up fantastic shapes and images, which are pleasant enough to dwell upon, because they admit of such whimsical and manifold ex-

planations. But in this way it is impossible to discover truth; and hence the seeker after it acquires a pride of intellect, which makes him overvalue himself and his talents at such a rate, that, clever as he may be, he renders himself an object of commiseration. In the redeemed man, truth and revelation are one. By the light of revelation he sees clearly, perceives distinctly, and possesses an unerring, everlasting standard for judging of appearances and realities, form and substance, kernel and shell. Grounded on revelation, he stands upon a rock, that neither the powers of hell can shiver, nor the storms of time shake; that human cunning can as little undermine, as the changing doctrines of earthly wisdom or folly touch. He has found the resting-place which Archimedes required, when he boasted with his lever to be able to raise the world. The profoundest minds, the simplest natures, the warmest hearts, the most elevated characters, can find in that solid reality which revelation guarantees to them, an uninterrupted supply of that wholesome and strengthening food which they absolutely require for their normal development and formation,—how different from those truths which man proclaims without it, and to understand which, the adepts in them must be possessed of a particular set of faculties, so that the intellect must be of a very subtle or a very limited nature, very much perverted or very partially unfolded, to be able

to receive them. There is but one truth, and as the soul of man was created to receive it, and hold it fast, so its preparations are adapted to enter every soul, without one exception—even as the daylight glides over the whole earth without turning off at certain points; and he who tries to exclude himself from it, by closing his windows and doors, and lighting his house with lamps, will still see it enter through some creek or crevice; glimmering through some almost imperceptible hole, the golden day strikes at his door and says, Night is no more, open and let me enter!

The thirst after love and truth is common to all; all know it and understand it. But the yearning for fame? Ah, it is another thing to comprehend that. The intense desire to live beyond the limits of this mortal life in an earthly immortality, the result of great ideas, great actions, great influence—the deep-felt wish to leave a long and brilliant stream of light upon that path over the ocean of time which the little bark of our life has crossed—the yearning, the aspiring, in order to mark that spot of earth on which we have stood with a something imperishable, that may force the distant future to remember us;—ambition, such as this, is felt and understood but by the few. I felt it! Never did I value the applause of the moment, but always thought of an earthly immortality. Oh, by what perishable means and instruments I fancied I could gain an eternal end—if we dare apply

the great word eternal to the idea of earthly immortality! In the redeemed man the love of immortality takes another shape! The ardent longing to behold eternal brightness, to rest in eternal light, grows stronger and intenser as the consciousness of the immortal end for which we were designed increases in us—the struggle to prepare ourselves for that great end, to live in a harmonious connexion with it, becomes more and more ardent and vehement, but we no longer demand of the world and its future generations that they proclaim our immortality and glory.

These, then, were the idols with which I lived in my subterranean cavern. The day arrived when I was to behold their fall—nearly at the same time I lost all three. The world became, of a sudden, so frightfully ugly, so torn and disfigured by convulsions of the moral or rather the immoral life, which showed itself in hideous nakedness as shameless impudence here, and shameless cowardice there, that I shuddered at the thought of her praise. The search after those fragments of the truth, that shoot up like weeds around the tree of revelation, led to a chaos of lies and perversion, in which the actors turned as rebels against the divine laws and divine order. With horror I beheld the wild confusion that surrounded me. And at that time, when all tottered, all was threatened, all fell, when nothing stood firm and upright, and the natural man could trust to nothing beyond

his own breast, but the love of a beloved one, to a faithful heart. Then I lost such a heart ! It sank into the grave ! and I was left alone in my cavern. The lights went out, the flowers withered ! but that was all the same to me—for the altars were empty. What then passed in my soul admits not of description ; a sea of sorrow came rolling in thundering cataracts over her, paralysing her faculties and stunning her senses. She suffered ; and yet she did not merely suffer ! she tried how long she could endure the state of passive suffering ; this I say, to give some light idea of her condition. But, in spite of her apparent insensibility and deadness, she did not remain passive ; a something new began to stir and make itself felt within her—she moved and moved forward. The result has proved it, for she arrived at her bourne.

The outlet of my cavern was on the summit of a hill, and, through dark labyrinthine paths, I managed to reach it. I emerged into the fresh air, the exhilarating atmosphere ; over me hung a boundless heaven, studded with brilliant stars, and around me I beheld an immeasurable sea, in which that heaven was reflected. A voice speaking at my side, said—“ This is the church of Christ,” and I knelt down and worshipped. The voice explained to me the meaning of the brilliant constellations ; and I listened to words and doctrines, and heard of mysteries, such as my ear had never before taken in, or my spirit ever

felt a foreboding of, that aught so lovely, so sublime, so heavenly, so sanctifying and glorifying for the soul could be given to me, to us, to all. And what was then revealed to me sank so deeply in my soul, conquering it by the overpowering mightiness of glory, that she rendered up her being, to become to all eternity dependent. And I, listening to my soul, remained prostrate on my knees, and adored. And from that hour it has been well with me. In revealed religion I have found God, the God of infinite love; and in revealed religion I believe, and put my trust.

But is not the whole Christian religion a divine revelation—and was I not born and educated a Christian? And if so, have I not known it all my life? Oh, far from it! True, I was baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran confession, but I knew no revealed religion. How could I? I belonged to no church. True, the Protestants teach the existence of an invisible church, and that sounds exceedingly sublime; but it is difficult to comprehend, or to render comprehensible, how, or by what means, we can place ourselves in active connexion with so indeterminate an idea, or bring ourselves in that relation to it which may call forth action and reaction; at least, I for one have never been able to comprehend it; it seems to me as if my soul had ever been an unawakened Catholic. In sleep we are not altogether responsible: fanciful dreams, extravagant images, the wildest and

most unconnected pictures pass before us ; yes, we may even walk in our sleep, and in the strange state of somnambulism perform extraordinary actions, which waking we should be incapable of ; notwithstanding which we are held captive, as it were, enchained, unconscious—and only when waking can we be said to be in a state of conscious possession of the will and perceptive faculties. As my soul awakened, she found herself a Catholic ; for that which Protestantism teaches she had never been able to comprehend, nor receive, nor derive her sustenance from. No echo reverberated to the voice of Protestantism, no note responded, not a chord was touched ; not a single connecting link could I discover in it to which I could attach any inherent sense of devotion, either in my youth, or in after years.

I retain a lively recollection of the period that immediately preceded my confirmation ; I was prepared and instructed for it by a venerable old clergyman, to whom I was sent in the hours of the afternoon. I see all at this moment distinctly before me—the green room and the long writing-table, at which we sat opposite to each other—his good old face, and his velvet cap put on over his white hair. It was winter ; large leafless trees stood before the windows, and the setting sun cast the shadow of their branches on the opposite wall. Crows flew croaking around the trees, seeking their night quarters ; a certain thick



atmosphere prevailed in the room, the reminiscence of fumes of tobacco. So clearly do I remember every little particular. But of that which I went to learn of the good old man, or what he taught me, I remember not a single syllable. I have often been astonished when I thought how entirely I had forgotten all that I learnt in those hours of religious instruction, and yet I was in my sixteenth year, not deficient in memory or the desire to attain knowledge, neither was I insusceptible to the influence of higher impressions. I think, too, that I listened to him with the utmost attention, and that my religious feelings were by no means inactive at the time; but I was incapable of receiving that which he presented to me. Was it a presentiment that it was not the fulness of truth? I remember perfectly well that verse of Scripture which he selected for expounding on my confirmation day; it was that sentence of St. John's—"Beloved, let us love one another." Thus I imbibed some fragments of religion; and how can a confession give more than fragments, that has constructed itself out of them?

The church is that holy institution which Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has founded, for the cultivation and development of the human race, with reference to its eternal destination, intended to render man holy on earth and blessed in heaven, in that way, and after that order which Christ himself has ordained,

which order has been handed down to us by Scripture and tradition, and is preserved, unsullied, in that authority, which the church, as visible representative of the Holy Ghost upon earth, possesses. Arbitrariness of individual will, indefiniteness or inconsistency, have no communion with her; but she enfolds the most delicate complications of organization; she branches off into the finest possible ramifications without volatilising her essence by extension; because she has a centre from which she never deviates, in Christ's vicar upon earth, the Pope—who for more than eighteen centuries has been the key-stone of the whole collective body which she comprises. Protestantism has divided itself from that community, has trampled on authority and tradition, rejected the unity of the visible, and, consequently, loosened its connexion with the invisible church, which is nothing more than the visible church made perfect; and asserts, though on what ground it is difficult to say, that the rupture was promoted out of reverence for the Christian revelation, and for the saving of the Christian faith, in the form of a new church. But it was the arbitrariness of individual will, and the pride of private judgment, that gave birth to Protestantism. The voluntary principle of choice maintains its rights, and thereby it has stamped itself with its character *indelebilis* for the entire period of its existence. Individual will is its principle of life.

For fifteen centuries the church was the teacher

and guide, the comforter and deliverer of the human race. Under her protection and patronage the world grew rich, great, and beautiful, as it never had been before. The breath of life animated it—how could it have been otherwise? The Son of God lived in it, and the faith in his living presence lent force and action, elevation and stability to the whole life of man, giving to it an aim of thought and action that extended far beyond the enjoyment of animal pleasures, soared far above the gratification of the coarse necessities of earthly existence, or the providing for the demands of the moment. Children and slaves alone can live for the present, and the enjoyments of sense. Those centuries must have been valiant, manly, and free, for the relics they have bequeathed to us prove that the aim they kept in view was a future and spiritual life. In a word, they were Christian; the community of sentiment which they found in the church, they carried over into the various branches and professions of life, so that a spirit of unity without isolation, of diversity without division, governed over all. The guild, the fraternity, the order—each jointed like the human frame, and therefore capable of moving, subject to one head, and therefore duly regulated, standing under the protection of one patron saint, and therefore inspired by religion, faith, obedience, activity, are essential elements in a life of righteousness. They call forth the useful, and minister to the production of the grand.

Those centuries recognised this truth, and were directed by the church which teaches it. Hence, in every association that was formed, whatever might have been its object, whether nominal, worldly, or ecclesiastical, the same idea of discipline was to be found, they bound themselves by certain laws and regulations, stood under the direction of one supreme head, in whom all their forces were concentrated, no matter in what line the energies of life took their course, whether in trade and commerce, in the building of cathedrals, in studying or instructing, in tending upon the sick or helping the poor, in the retirement of contemplation, in the bustle of the world, although not in worldliness; the knight, the priest, the artisan, the merchant, the monk, the artist, the virgin, or the wife—all, all found in the blessed church a confraternity answering to their peculiar wants, whose sphere of action ensured efficacy to the acts of its members, and whose laws imparted wisdom and strength to the executors of them; thus supplying all with a strong stimulus for their peculiar faculties, and a well-ordered application of them, on the undeviating principle of union. Compared with the rich, full, free systematic development of life in those days—how inexpressibly poor does the artificial existence of the present age appear! Those were the rude ages, say their opponents. There was more feud and struggle than there is now, that is

certain ; more banqueting and carousing, with all their noisy concomitants, that is possible, and it matters not ; less universal knowledge, scholastic learning, book and pen wisdom. Yes, thank God, there was ! That those ages had their harsh, rude lineaments, I am willing to admit ; they might have been rude, but the highest interests of man were not buried in their rudeness. By the side of roughness and blunt incivility, and close to the wild outbreaks of unrestrained impulses, stood the mild forms of holy charity and Christian mercy in the bright fulness of living beauty. What general and individual fervour in the works of love ! Wherever suffering and want displayed themselves, some order or fraternity arose to supply aid and alleviation. For every solitary, abandoned, repentant, or conscience-stricken being, the convent-door opened a place of refuge. The hospitals were filled with pious men and women, who went thither to nurse the poor and sick for the sake of Christ, and not merely to comply with the duties of a certain order, or to fulfil the obligations imposed on them by a certain vow. No ! they came from the world, from their castles and mansions, and returned to whence they came ; but they did not consider it a degradation to administer to the wants of the poorest and most miserable of their fellow-creatures. And then, when notwithstanding all their efforts, misery, and poverty, and suffering were not to

be overcome, what did they next? saintly spirits, beatified hearts, that were not satisfied with helping, but participated in that which they could not cure; rendered themselves poor with the poor; they gave up their fortunes and estates, clad themselves in the vestment of poverty, to stand closer to the objects of their commiseration, to bring themselves on a level with the poor. This was not only carried into practice by those eminent saints, St. Elizabeth, St. Francis of Assise, and others of their order. No! then the order of mendicants arose, those humble children of holy poverty—that pious band which coveted nought, but grace to prove, by the sacrifice of every thing, their love of poverty. When the heart glows in flames of love like this, it is not rude; and such hearts were to be found in thousands. The age might have been rude enough, from a deficiency of that general knowledge which is now considered necessary for education: from an ignorance of those practices, customs, employments, discoveries and attainments which now combine to make up what is called moral cultivation; but rude from an unsusceptibility of the action of the spiritual and divine, it was not. I know, full well, that the world is no longer capable of forming a conception of that utter sacrifice of self, which gave birth to the order of beggars, because faith in the spiritual and divine is wanting. But the world must gradually return to the acknowledgment

of the beauty of love and sacrifice ; and when it has arrived to a consciousness of the godlessness and materialism in which it grovels and vegetates, it will comprehend the love and sacrifice of the holy beggars.

And those were the rude ages ! The glorious cathedrals, and the mystic poesy, and the lovely pictures ! are they stamped with the characters of unenlightened rudeness ? and could so much of the grand and magnificent have started into life if the idea in which they find their origin had not been the common property of all—of the whole epoch ? Such creations demand the combination of many noble and beautiful elements, whose forces are moved by an unceasing flow of inspiration, issuing from a never-failing well of purity and grace. Children and slaves build their houses of cards, whether they be of paper, clay, or theory—no matter which ! They hold out their short period of days or years ; but they are void and empty, because no eternal life has entered into them ; and all is void and empty that is not filled with the presence of God, the crucified God of revelation.

But once more, must I ask, were those the rude ages ? Let us compare the precepts of St. Thomas of Aquinas, on the rights of property, with the theory of one of the communists of the present day. The one, considering only the animal wants and gratifica-

tions of man, is for feeding human beings like brutes in stables, to which they are to be conducted without will or choice, to lay themselves at the troughs that have been filled for them; the other makes the proprietors God's stewards upon earth. On which side appears the want of refinement? To which are we warranted to apply the epithet rude? Are our modern doctors and professors of philosophy wiser, profounder, sublimer, than the theological writers of the middle ages? He who answers yes, must laugh in secret at his own folly; or, perhaps he may refuse to examine those dusty, voluminous old folios. Good—we will turn to the every-day practice of life—it was handled with no less wisdom: here a Hanseatic union was formed, and towns began to flourish in unequalled prosperity; there a knightly order arose, and they conquered lands and people, carrying the genial influences of Christianity into the regions of barbarism.

Thus the power and ascendance of the church may be traced in all the erections and productions of the middle ages. Her light shines through all—her doctrines inspired all; she was the great heart, whose blood coursed through the human veins, and from her breath all drew the atmosphere for respiration. From this life-giving heart Protestantism divided itself, and, to justify the apostacy, took upon itself to say, that the current of blood which it poured forth



was turned into a stream of poison, for the perversion and ruin of mankind. And this assertion was believed? Why not? Eve believed the serpent—and fell; Adam believed Eve—and fell. Mankind believed those who styled themselves reformers—and fell; for to a state of frightful activity did their doctrines excite the fruit of original sin—the 'lust after sinful pleasures.

Protestantism tore itself away from the rock of the church, to place itself, with its doctrines, on the sand-bank of private judgment, and, in doing so, it fell into the unaccountable inconsistency of claiming for itself an authority that it could have no right to, and could never make use of, because it possessed no medium for exerting it. Luther, and with him the whole host of Reformers, alleged the right of individual authority to extract from the reading of the Holy Scriptures the truths of divine revelation, with no guide but the Holy Ghost. Blinded by pride, he could not perceive that he thus preferred his own to the divine revelations. Blinded by that short-sightedness which is inseparable from passion, his first aim was to extend the principle of apostacy to its utmost lengths; and certainly, nothing could have been better adapted for the purpose, than the unlimited right of private judgment, which he claimed in the name of each individual, thus giving to all, in questions of extreme importance, the power of appealing to the law of in-

dividual right. That which the individual decided in such cases, was to be regarded as settled by the Holy Ghost, who was held bound to assist every reader of the Bible, to the knowledge and understanding of the Holy Word. To whom would it not be delightful to consider himself led and enlightened by the Holy Ghost? The mortal is thereby raised so near to God, that he can scarcely be said to stand under him. "And ye shall be as gods," said the serpent to Eve.

In this short-sightedness, Luther seems to have forgotten that those who at first joined him in his revolt against the church, might afterwards feel themselves equally bound, under the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, to rise in opposition to his doctrines, on the same principle by which they opposed the authority of the church, on the ground of superior enlightenment. His bitter invectives against the Sacramenters, the Anabaptists, against Casper of Schwenkfeld, and all the "buzzing throng," are both melancholy and ridiculous, for they did the same as he had done before them. In his own case he proclaimed the step he took as directed by divine inspiration, in others he pronounced it to be both rash and sinful. I am not surprised at one and the same thing being viewed in such different lights by one and the same person; this may happen so easily to one or all of us; but I do wonder at the extraordinary presumption and stupidity of attempting to erect a church out of such

unstable materials, and upon a foundation of incomprehensible inconsistency.

The consequences were inevitable—Luther fell from one contradiction into another. In all he did he was consistent but on one single point—his hatred of the church. As soon as he speaks of her he appears clear, succinct, decided ; it is not difficult to understand him, to find out what he wants and teaches ; on other points, it is any thing but easy. The doctrine of a visible church, as comprising the collective body of Christians upon earth, who confess the same faith, acknowledge the same sacraments, recognise the supremacy of the same spiritual head, the Pope of Rome, and the bishops and priests who are subordinate to him, and who direct and govern the whole community, by the especial light and guidance of the Holy Ghost—he presumptuously rejected. He refused to accommodate himself to the majestic unity, and sublime order, which he found in the church, so he went out of her, as if her dimensions were too limited to hold him—the individual atom. He departed from her, and proclaimed an invisible church, a spiritual community of believers ; he denied that Christ had founded any other ; and, in perfect accordance with the rest of his notions, he asserted that the faithful were taught of all things by the unction of the Spirit. In this way he hoped to displace the hated priests, and their still more hated supreme head,

the pope ; and every member of the Lutheran confession was exalted to the rank of a luminary of the church ; he was declared infallible in matters of faith, however dark and sinful the tenor of his general life might shew itself. To be sure, the description which the Augsburg Confession gives of the invisible church, says it is recognisable by its external signs, which are :—" It is the community of saints, in which the gospel is properly taught, and the sacraments duly administered."—*Confess. Aug. Art. vii.* This description makes it still more difficult of comprehension. The saints, during their pilgrimage upon earth, are visible to the eyes of God alone, they are not always to be recognized by those who stand around and about them ; therefore they can present no external sign ; and, the gospel rightly taught, is an expression that here finds no sort of application, in as far as the Holy Ghost is supposed to have taken that office upon himself, and must be admitted to be capable of filling it, and of his internal operations every individual is said to bear in himself sufficient evidence. Lastly ; the sacraments are to be duly administered. Here the Reformers forget that in their communion it is impossible ; they have no priesthood, and the priest alone is the legal administrator of the sacraments, because at his ordination he has been invested with the proper and necessary powers. And furthermore, let me observe, that he

who has rejected five out of the seven sacraments, because he considers them sinful, hurtful, or superfluous, has no right to attach the idea of a church to the desecrated retention and administration of the other two. And if any of the members of such a community were to start forward and say—Well, thou hast rejected the five, now, we will reject the remaining two! could he reasonably complain of being wronged? The Anabaptists rejected as much as they could; they walked on, to the best of their power, on the very path that Luther had opened for them.

Protestantism contracted an alliance with the state, and is possessed of an institution called a state church. As long as I formed an integral part of that institution, I was always puzzled to understand what I could have to do with it. I asserted my title to the rights which the Lutheran confession guaranteed to me, and consequently took my Bible in my hand, to commence in earnest sincerity my search after the truth of divine revelation, which I fancied I was to extract from it, under the guidance of my own judgment and opinion. I read through the Old and New Testaments—the Prophets, Psalms, Gospels and Epistles; I studied all, all, over and over again: I thought them beautiful and true, inspired and blessed:—I was far too warm-hearted and imaginative to wander into the wild, barren wastes of rationalism;

but of Christian faith, not a trace developed itself in me. The Bible is a glorious fragment that Protestantism took with it when it departed from the church; but the soul that aspires to the possession of the fulness of truth, cannot believe that she has attained it in the possession of the holy Scriptures; for the external evidence of truth is wanting, and that is absolutely requisite to rest firm and secure in faith. The spirit is unconscious, perhaps, that she is wasting her strength upon a fragment—she knows not what ails her, nor where she is to seek for the great whole to which the fragment belongs. But completion is necessary for her, and she sets about to accomplish it.

My Lord and my God, thou knowest how I have sought after it! I have wandered from one end of the world to the other—from the cataracts of the Nile to the grottoes of Staffa—from the hills of Cintra to the gardens of Damascus—over the Alps and Pyrenees, and Lebanon—across seas and through the Arabian desert—from the banks of the Shannon in green Erin, to the borders of the sacred Jordan; I have lived in the tent of the Bedouin Arab and in the palaces of the *haute volée* of Europe; I have searched into all that I have been enabled to reach, the states and conditions of man—the human race in all its classes and varieties; I have moved in the greatest contrasts; in London I went from Rag Fair to be presented to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent. My end

and aim was ever the same ; to let the whole history of man pass in living pictures before my eyes ; I wanted to behold, face to face, the entire fulness of human life—the heights and depths of refinement, the various stages of civilization, as they unfolded themselves in the different races, the connexion of education with religion and nationality, or its influence on art and customs, I wanted to see and understand. Ah, what ? Man ! I persuaded myself, but in all probability I was striving after a knowledge of my own being ; but that knowledge was withheld from me ; and how could I attain it when no positive law had so far enforced its authority over me, as to furnish me with an undeviating standard for weighing and measuring, judging and deciding on all the objects and subjects, movements and emotions of the external and internal world. I lived in the arbitrariness of self-will, fed but by fragments of the truth ; in short, I was a genuine product of the voluntary principle of Protestantism.

Of one thing, however, I felt certain ; namely, that not through the reading of the Bible alone was the Holy Ghost to be called down upon man. But although right in this conclusion, I was wrong in the consequences I drew from it. I conjectured that every one must receive an especial revelation of the divinity, that moves in all, and that this revelation might be received through various mediums, such as

the contemplation of nature or the study of the natural history of man ; that it was unfolded to each after his own way, through powerful and exalted feelings and perceptions, through an acute sense of the beautiful and sublime, or through a devotion to the fine arts. I believed that a ray of divine truth existed in all these things, which was responded to by a similar ray in the imprisoned soul, and which fell upon the human spirit like the beams of the rising sun upon the statue of Memnon, calling forth a sound that placed man in harmonious connexion with the creation and the Creator. Thus I became, in all sincerity, a perfect heathen ; but the love of truth was so strong in me, that all my struggles and endeavours were directed towards producing the utmost harmony between my internal and external existence, so that I always wrote as I thought, and spoke as I wrote, and lived as I spoke, and then again, thought as I lived. Those who knew me in the ten years that preceded 1848, and which comprise about that time which witnessed the development of my life in its external relations, can confirm this. One thing strikes me with astonishment ; namely, that a character so positive in itself as mine, should have been able to put on a positive form without any positive foundation ! But that which supplied the want was my inexpressible self-esteem, or, to use a more appropriate but less agreeable word, my immoderate pride. I believed in



myself, in a correspondence between that which I could, would, and should do, with a degree of earnestness that was worthy of a better faith. Nothing dazzled or confounded me. I could stand calmly and unawed before all and every thing, and say, Well, thou art what thou art, and I am what I am, and now we can speak to each other. Consequently, no one had any influence on my way of thinking, or manner of judging; and when I acted, as I often did, under external influence, it never changed the current of my internal life, or caused it, in the slightest degree, to deviate from its own course. A sort of spell seemed to bind me down to myself, and to prevent my recognizing any authority. How I was able to get on in the world as I did, now appears inexplicable to me, and I can only account for it by remembering that the majority of persons found themselves more or less in the same pitiable plight, knowing but little or nothing of the existence of a higher authority. I do not mean to say by this, that they might not have been good, amiable, and conscientious individuals, at least some part of them; but neither did I live in the constant perpetration of evil. And what does that tend to prove, but the truth of that sublime dogma of the church, which teaches that the likeness of God is only darkened, that will and judgment are only weakened in the unredeemed man, that original sin—the bitter inheritance of all that are earth-born—

has only disfigured us, but not made us entirely corrupt as the Lutheran doctrine erroneously teaches ; for the natural man, before his regeneration, not only rejoices over all that is good, but has a deep yearning after it. The thread which connected the soul with God is broken, it is true, but it can be rejoined, it can be made whole by redemption. The will that should turn him towards God has had its force broken ; it has no enduring power, for it holds not the quintessence of his being ; but the powers of the will, as well as the perceptions, are not dead in him ; they live, although they are inactive ; and so much is certain, that they can only be excited to due activity and real efficacy by the fostering care of the church, and the use of those means of grace with which she constantly supplies her happy children. Luther could never have understood the complicated sublimity of man's nature in its primitive state ; he never comprehended the deep meaning of those words :—" And the word was made flesh, and dwelt in us." But more of that hereafter.

Pride was the grand feature of my character, the foundation of all the rest. Pride cast the angels out of heaven, and Lucifer into the abyss ;—I know it ! I was saved by the hand of my God, whilst it was yet time. Pride excited in me an immoderate appetite for independence, internal freedom from all external influences, whether of men or things. I refused to

be the slave of foreign judgments, opinions, or suppositions. I could not flatter or deceive, in order to gain praise or avoid blame. I disdained to be dependent on habits, luxuries, or wants; and it was a source of great pleasure to me to deny myself the occasional gratification of them; but that self-denial was always something self-selected. My greatest delight was to think that I could stand by my own strength. If a storm approached, I bent my head and let it pass over me; but I stood still, and as God permitted me to stand, I thought, and said to myself so often: God is for me, and I can endure all. Nothing ever happened to me that my natural strength was incapable of supporting; and in that I see that my soul was guided over a rugged path by an invisible hand. For when the first great sorrow came over me, the only real grief of my life—ah! where was then the strength I had gloried in? Up to that moment I had conquered pain and sorrow, by sheltering myself behind the helm and shield of pride; but now that was all over! I was wounded to my very heart's core, vanquished in my innermost soul; great as was my pride, love was still greater. My weapons hung useless in my hands, and, useless, they were a burden to me; a load increasing the weight of my misery, and oppressing me beyond endurance. At length I delivered them and myself into thy hands, O my Lord and my God! I had many strug-

gles and temptations to pass through, as every one has ; but the proud spirit has them in additional force and frequency, because pride and high-mindedness is the challenge for their approach. How I sustained them, that thou alone knowest, my God ! One thing, even now, comforts me—I was not a coward, I combatted with them to the last. Having once begun to swim against the stream, I was ready for every struggle ; and in this way I strengthened courage by calling it continually into play. It brought me no reward for years ; on the contrary, it seemed but to confirm me in rebellion, for which I entered so many a field of battle ; but, at last, the moment arrived when it was to serve a good purpose. For when the battle began in which my immortal soul was to be won or lost, courage was in its right place, it came to the rescue, and slackened not, but assisted in delivering her.

Did my former life ever make me happy ? My life displayed a great unity in the action of my various faculties, and part of those faculties had found for themselves a wide sphere for displaying their powers ; in so far I often experienced the greatest satisfaction, the most sensible pleasure. Then, again, I lived for ideas, and not for the gratification of the necessities of every-day existence ; and, although the ideas may have been false in themselves, they imparted to me for a time—that is, so long as I held them

to be true—a certain exaltation of spirit, and life is always easy when buoyed up by inspiration. All that combined, made up what the natural man calls happiness; and when I considered, that in addition to all that, I possessed the glorious blessings of love, friendship, talents, health, and independence, I was overcome with gratitude sometimes, and often said, that in the whole wide world I knew no happier creature than myself.

That, in spite of such feelings, there should occasionally arise in me a deep sense of dissatisfaction with all and every thing, that shewed itself in the inexpressible weariness of spirit that sometimes came over me; that over my happiness a shade of the deepest melancholy should hang, is not to be wondered at. Those are the twin sisters of earthly happiness; like the black wings that the butterfly has spread over his others, of heavenly blue or glowing purple. But, together with this melancholy and weariness, I carried within me the full consciousness of being destined to pass through another stage of development. Once, I said to a person, who may remember it when he reads these lines, "Do you think that I am destined for nothing but to write novels for your amusement? Oh, believe me, you are greatly mistaken!" And again, I said to another, who addressed some extravagant flattery to me in praise of Faustina, telling me it was a wonderful

book—" Oh, I will do something, one day or other, that will astonish the world much more than my Faustina!" Of course, I said these things half laughing, as if in joke ; but I actually meant them. Sometimes I said them earnestly too ; in my books, decidedly ! " Israel, to thy tents!" I wrote about seven years ago, in the beloved convent on Mount Carmel, and on the 26th of August, 1847, I wrote in my diary :—

" My bosom is an altar on which burns an eternal flame in honour of the divine, but not in honour of the Deity ; will the time come when I shall perceive that I have lit the eternal lamp before false gods ? Will the true God ever fill that place which is now dedicated to idols ? or is my whole life to be spent in the cultivation of idol worship ?"

And, some months previous to this, on Whitsunday, after receiving the congratulations of a friend, who wished me happiness on the festival of the Holy Ghost's descent upon the apostles—

" Yes, he will surely descend upon me, the Holy Ghost ! He must at some period or other ; for as I now am, it is impossible for me to continue."

One day, I perfectly frightened a kind, sympathising friend, who told me that my existence was an enviable one, and enumerated to me the many reasons I had to feel grateful, by impatiently answering—" Yes, yes, yes ! all that I have and it is mine, and it may be a good deal ; but as it is mine,

I have absorbed it in my being, and now it is as if I had never received or possessed any thing. And if I am to leave the world without having found that which in its turn can absorb my being, my life will have been but a very miserable one."

So clearly and manifestly did truth often strike at my heart, without being able to move it to the bottom; and this sorrow which like a shadow cast by the light of wisdom over my soul, lasted sometimes for weeks, sometimes only days, and sometimes but for minutes. I often deceived myself as to its origin, forgot that it was the silent lamentation of the spirit longing for the eternal, and I fancied it might be stilled and pacified by the perishable things of earth. I thought! Ah, if it were but so, or so—if this or that could be accomplished—if I could bring about the one, or complete the other! And if the end that appeared so desirable in my eyes, that I pined after it with sighs and tears, had once been realised, it added not a straw's weight to my measure of internal satisfaction; to that conviction I always arrived, sometimes with bitter pain, and sometimes with dull indifference.

But my life was too full, too active, not to excite me ever and ever again to new exertions: I wrote! for my travels, my friendships, my social intercourse whether in small or large circles did not fill it out. I was an authoress, and was, in my day, what is

called "a celebrated woman," "a celebrität." I wrote, and wrote, as I did every thing else, from a strong internal impulse, to gratify myself by giving utterance to my soul's thirst after perfection, and to awaken the same thirst in my readers. I contracted such a passionate love of writing, that when, in the late hours of the night I arose from my work, to retire to rest, although overcome with weariness and almost drunk with sleep, I uttered an exclamation of delight to think I could recommence it on the morrow. Such was the enjoyment I derived from it, that as long as I could write I cared for nothing else. I was sensible of no want, felt no vacancy in my life, no poverty in my existence, was unconscious of longing or inquietude. I asked for nothing beyond my beloved book, and very ingenuously believed that the work in hand must exert a beneficial influence upon its future readers. With the last stroke of my pen, my interest in it was extinguished ; the ripe fruit fell from the tree and had little further connexion with it, so little, that the ultimate fate of my books was a subject of inferior importance to me. I never re-read them, and felt a decided objection to speak about them, and it was always disagreeable to me, when people began to praise them in my presence, or ask me questions about them. Of all my books, the only one that ever interested me was the one that, unwritten, I carried about with me, because I was



able to bring my dream of perfection to act in connexion with it. Alas, the dream was destroyed as soon as the idea had incorporated itself.

Although I never re-read my books, and ever felt the consciousness of not having done my best in the writing of them, and although the German critics—with one or two exceptions—raised a chorus of abuse against them ; I did not think badly of them. Quite the contrary: and I had contrived to embody in them the leading ideas of my life, and they were the following :—

“ Man’s destination is the attainment of internal contentment. For this end he has a right, on the one side, to work out his own individuality on the principle of self-dependence, and to develop it as distinctly and decidedly as possible ; but, on the other hand, a duty to his fellow-creatures obliges him to accomplish this, without outstepping the bounds to which the equal rights of others must confine him. The main point, then, for man to strive after, is to place himself in an exact balance with his destination, which he can only do by recognising the boundaries of his own rights, and developing his individuality within them. Such a man cannot fail of attaining that internal happiness which, without external fortune, must arise in his own bosom, because real satisfaction results from a harmony between that which a man does, and what he ought to do. He who resigns his

own rights, or does not respect the rights of others, must witness the shipwreck of his hopes, and perhaps sink with them. Without mistakes and blunders, few attain this end—and no one without pains and sorrows ; but to struggle forward to the goal is the grand purpose of, and gives the value to, human life.

These are the fundamental ideas, the general features that may be traced in all my books ; and so little was I aware of their imperfection, with so much tenacity did I cling to them, that they became part of my flesh and blood ; in them I lived and moved, and had my being. But, let me ask, who is to point out to him whose actions are governed by such laws the boundary that divides his rights from the rights of others ? When two persons come coldly and calculatingly together, to decide the rights of property, by drawing a line of demarcation between field and field, they may be able to settle it honestly, and to part in peace. But in the internal world, that is governed by the storms and tempests of passion, that stands under the influence of sin, perverted inclinations, and degraded propensities—it is a proof of astounding ignorance to make internal contentment the result of a self-appointed destination. Such contentment would be nothing more than the satisfaction arising from the gratification of some prevailing inclination or passion, even then, when the individual might be actuated by the desire of self-sacrifice ; for,

without an intimate union with God, without the entire submission of self-will to the will of the Deity, man never can attain a state of entire and blessed contentment. If, in choosing between another's happiness and our own, it should happen that, in one out of a hundred cases, we give the other the preference, pride finds a gratification in this, and induces us to regard the action with profound respect, and we rejoice over ourselves and the exalted superiority of our nature, or we fall into a sentimental affection for the martyrdom of self-denial, in the exercise of which we admire our own fortitude. Both are equally erroneous. The one renders man austere, severe, and bitter, the other makes him effeminate and vain. But as both flatter self, so self-love seeks its gratification by those means, and he whose object is to make an idol of himself, can have no higher view than to sacrifice to this Deity.

And so it is at the best: but the worse and far more general case is, that when the happiness of another stands in competition with our own, we let it fall into the back-ground, and calmly assign as a reason, not as an excuse, for doing so, that it is necessary for our own development, for the cultivation of those gifts, talents, and capacities that God has bestowed upon us, and which we have no right to let lie hidden and dormant. Now, in the excitement of passion, when *self* rises above every other consideration, and

strides, as if with seven-league boots, over the bounds which mark the rights of others, what indescribable devastation may not result from the struggle to attain internal contentment, when the will is separated from a humble resignation to the will of God. In such an attempt man may fall into every fault, every crime, yes, and what increases the danger, he may do so, not for the sake of palliating or even justifying his passion, but to invest it with a crown of glory. Furthermore, as the attainment of internal contentment on this principle presupposes the developing of the faculties in the way best calculated to complete the individuality—and as passion strains some of the faculties to an almost unnatural extent, and especially those that promise the highest gratification ; so passion is regarded as a genius that must be followed, as an inspiration that must be obeyed—the tyrant is treated as a saviour. I did so. To be sure, there arose many a doubt and scruple in my mind, as to whether I might be right or wrong, and it requires no uncommon intellect to discover that, after such laws, it was difficult to divide right and wrong from each other. But I was not at a loss to find a way of getting out of the dilemma. I settled it that the only necessary condition was to be possessed of a soul that combined in itself noble, sincere, and energetic qualities, in short, a soul that loved the beautiful above all, and desired the good beyond all, and, further even

than that, was capable of living for both. Then, when the fire of passion burst forth in such a soul, expanding the natural powers, and destroying the fences that so often constrain the will, it was impossible but that an exaltation and beatification of life should result from it. I forgot to explain how and where such noble, sincere, and energetic souls were to be found or cultivated.

It appears, now, inconceivable to me how one single human being could have been led astray by such an imperfect principle. Then, what a false notion of the rights of the individual is conveyed by the assumption, that to one human creature the utmost latitude is to be allowed for the extreme development of his idiosyncrasy, whilst the rights of others are left unguarded by any immutable external law. On this principle, man goes on until he arrives at the point which the Holy Scriptures describe, in speaking of Ishmael :—" His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him ;" that is to say, to that extreme of selfishness which sinks into the depths of barbarity—and in the dark colours of barbarism does the world not exhibit itself, and to effect that I also have laid a grain of sand in the scale ! But shall I be the only one my Lord and my God, to fall upon her knees, and cry :—" *Mea culpa ! mea maxima culpa !*"

That in those days I should have held and disseminated such principles is not astonishing, because it

was impossible for me, with my character, cast, as it were, in one mould, not to make the doctrine of life, and the form it assumed, harmonise and agree with each other. I lived as I thought. I needed some law to act after, and I made it for myself, yes, and I even wrote it for others ; and a consistency of action, in whatever way it may display itself, always exerts an overpowering influence.

Persons who knew me and liked me in those days, and those who like me still, may say :—" This sketch is too rough, too sharply delineated, the lines are too harsh, it was not altogether so ! There was a something milder, tenderer, in those books and in their writer !"

Oh, delude yourselves no longer ! I have drawn it correctly—the lights are not too strong, the shades are not too dark. I merely present to you the naked reality ! After my old system, I search things to the bottom, and what I find there I bring to the surface, like a faithful miner, unconcerned whether it be coals or diamonds—gold or one of the baser metals. I bring what I find, bring it honestly ! But to pass off stones for diamonds is a thing I am incapable of ! I know very well, too, that there is no human being who is not possessed of good as well as bad qualities, and that certain good qualities, when they are found expressed in a decided character, may have their charm—like the beautiful drapery that envelopes

an uncomely figure. I have not the slightest intention of depicting myself better or worse than I am, of representing myself either in an advantageous or disadvantageous light; I only wish to describe that path over which my soul wandered, together with the errors she fell into, the mistakes she made, and the struggles that she never relinquished—before the grace of God and his merciful guidance brought her to the blessed ground on which she now stands. But having once gained that blessed ground, and with it an undeviating, never-failing standard for measuring and weighing all things, it would be impossible for me, with all my yearning after an evenness and unity of character, not to apply this standard in the first instance to myself, and judge of myself and my faults accordingly. And I can do so the more calmly, because those errors are become foreign to me, and have separated themselves from me.

But to represent myself worse than I am, in order to appear interestingly humble in the eyes of the superficial, is a littleness of which I trust you will never suspect me! Fear not, I design to do no one an injustice—not even myself. And never forget, I beseech you, that my life and being was so confused and clouded, because I existed in the arbitrariness of self-will, and on broken fragments of the truth, those elements which make up the existence of Protestantism.

And that is what makes it so comfortless; no other

elements, no sublime moral doctrine ; it has none, because it has forsaken the faith ; and it has no faith, because it has departed from the church. What the church is I have already said, in the simple language of the catechism, and in the same catechism the faith of a catholic Christian is explained thus :—" Faith is a virtue granted by God, through which we hold that for truth which God has revealed and presented to us for belief through his church." With this simple, strengthening, animating faith man is turned away from all the fancies and opinions that his own brain present to him. Luther was the incarnation of a subjective opinion ; and as each founder of a religion stamps his religion with his own idiosyncrasy—whether he be called Luther or Mahomet—so Protestantism, in all its branches, is nothing more than an agglomeration of thousands upon thousands of subjective opinions. The adherence of particular sects may abide firmly by their particular doctrines ; the Herrnhuters and the old Lutherans, for instance, do so with great consistency ; but the countless number of sects speaks for what I maintain, that each has arisen from an individual and voluntary explanation, use, and abuse of the Christian doctrine. Under the general term Protestant, I include the entire range of sectarianism, all of which found their champion in Luther, and under his banner protested against the holy church, and made the Bible the only



source of Christian doctrine. I am aware that the Calvinists will assert that they hold very different doctrines from the Lutherans ; and so will say the evangelical Christians, the Anglicans, the Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, the Unitarians, the Mennonites, the Herrnhuters, the Anabaptists, the Irvingites, and a hundred others. To the church and her dogmas, it is indifferent what the various sects denominate themselves, and how far they differ from each other, or whether their adherents be reckoned by hundreds or millions. The mournful and ever-to-be-lamented act of apostacy places all on the same level, and the fact of their having taught such a multiplicity of doctrines—and all with the Bible for their foundation—gives sufficient evidence of the state of torturing confession into which men's minds fall, when they break the bond of unity which kept them in the church ; when they reject tradition, and, instead of seeing in the church's authority a testimony of her being upheld by the Holy Ghost in the system of divine order, revolt against her, because they have sunk into the despotism of their own passions. Oh ! the followers and disciples of those founders of the various sects are the more to be pitied, because, under the appellation of Reformers, they have been induced to drag on, for three hundred years, in a continuation of apostacy ; and they are prevented from seeing their own position, by the force of cus-

tom, education, hereditary transmission, lukewarmness or perfect indifference, and occasionally firm conviction. But oh! I could weep tears of blood when I think that they place more confidence in the word of the renegade monk of Wittenberg, or the brutal priest of Zurich, or the blood-stained bluebeard king of England, than in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, who thus addressed Peter—"Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Feed my sheep." In the whole of the sacred Scriptures there is scarcely a text that is more difficult of misconstruction than this; simply and practically, I may say, it lays the foundation-stone of that new system of order by which the world was henceforth to be governed, and which, to become a system, necessarily required a centre. It carries the same divine principle of order which reigns in the visible and external world into the invisible and mental kingdom, where without it confusion or stagnation so easily and rapidly intrude; but where order exists, subordination must be found—that is positive! Behold the solar system: the planets revolve around one sun. A flock of cranes wing their way to the south—one flies at the head. There is the family circle, one has to care and provide for them; in an army of thousands, one has to take the command; in the government of states and nations, one

hand guides at the helm. In all that is to be lasting, all that has a distant end and aim, that has conquests to achieve, or that can render man happy as the individual, or give him power and dignity in the mass. All, all—the unconscious and the conscious—are subject to the same undeviating law of order and subordination. Withdraw it from the world, and the living forces must squander their strength in useless fermentation, or waste themselves, and die of exhaustion; the individual falls to the work of the Danaïdes, and the mass to a chaos. And is it natural to suppose that this divine law should not exist in its greatest fulness there, where its sublimest efficacy might be anticipated—in the church of Christ? Did not Christ intend his church to be lasting? Why, then, did he promise that the powers of hell should not prevail against her? Did he not appoint her to fulfil a great and distant end? She was to conduct man to everlasting happiness! Was she not designed to accomplish great conquests?

She emerged from the catacombs of Rome to the sovereignty of the whole world! Or were not the means entrusted to her to render man happy and refined? Only in her, and through her, can true happiness and refinement be found. Christ appointed her an eternal destination, therefore she is sustained by the eternal law of order, which can only be an insupportable yoke to the spirit of slavery in rebellion.

Yes, to the spirit of slavery! For he whose will is one in love with the great and holy will of God, is not a slave, but a child in the house of his father—he has received his freedom through a free, self-chosen, beloved obedience. He who cannot attain this freedom—who feels himself in bondage, because he dares not let his passions run unbridled—lowers himself to the condition of a slave, and shows that his rude passion—soul-enchained, is not capable of love. Such a slave was Luther, the slave of self-will; and hence he renounced the sacred law of order in the Christian church. Thereby he passed his own condemnation. He was no longer a child in the house of his father; no Isaac to whom a promise was given! but an Ishmael, who has drawn thousands after him into the wild wastes of the great desert!

How is it possible to contemplate that event, with its unspeakably mournful consequences, as any thing but a frightful punishment for the sins of mankind, which displayed themselves in all its members, as corroded by the poison of impiety! The culminating point of this was the so-called Reformation. The grand, pious, energetic spirit of the early part of the middle ages existed no longer in the fourteenth century. Internal torpitude was there, before it manifested itself. It was as if a youth seated himself at the banquet table, covered with the fresh laurels of victory, but remained there until he became giddy

and enervated by excess of enjoyment. The feast was glorious, but the intense life and buoyant spirit within him became faint and weak. The inspired call to the holy grave had ceased to resound; the knightly elements of war, no longer found a legitimate and noble sphere of action, and turned in strife and discord against itself. The knightly orders, those glorious blossoms that opened under the auspices of honour and sacrifice, wonderful and beautiful alliance of the greatest active power, and the utmost self-denial, shone no more in the undimmed glory that once surrounded those helmed monks. Conflicting political influences degraded the papal chair, which saw popes and anti-popes, here in Rome, there in Avignon; it experienced the insulting protection of France on the one side, witnessed the revolt of the Church States, and the disgraceful contest of the rival popes, and their adherents and parties on the other. War, flight, excommunication, translation of the seat of the supreme head of the church of France—brought such discord and confusion into the external and temporal relations of the church, as could not leave the internal and ecclesiastical life unscathed. The lamentable sight of contending popes, of deserted Rome, the city of the greatest apostles, robbed the holy chair of its majesty and dignity of unity, and threw the whole of Christendom into care, disquietude, and grief. A looseness of discipline on

the part of the clergy was the natural consequence, and the division was fomented by the temporal princes, for the sake of immediate temporal advantages, heedless of the distant but certain disadvantages that must accrue from it for themselves, and for the eternal interests and religious, as well as moral development of the people. The church was the centre and foundation of all then existing relations between men and things, they had all been formed under her protection, and were modelled on the form she had given; she was the principle of order and life for them all, in so far as the exalted position she filled, as God's representative on earth, and proceeding from him, rendered her sanction sufficient to endow them with dignity, sacredness, and durability; and she was not only the principle of life, but also of motion, and she gave security to motion, by guarding equally the one against the whole, and the whole against one, thus forming an insuperable bulwark to keep off the inroads of despotic princely power. This last tendency was particularly objectionable to those whose grand aim was the extension of their own temporal power to the cost of the people, and the princes turned to their own advantage the divisions in the Papacy of the fourteenth century. The anarchy into which the hierarchy fell, produced a mournful reaction in the manners and customs of the age; and as religion and manners are so closely allied to each

other, they generally fall together, so it was here; heresies appeared and unfolded themselves; Wickliffe, Huss, and a variety of pantheistic-mystic preachers, and sects proved the degeneracy in the life of faith as it showed itself in the church—and this was bequeathed as a sad legacy by the fourteenth to the fifteenth century. New matter for fermentation was added to the mass by the spirit of renaissance, Grecian civilization flying before the advances of Islam from Bysantium to Rome, where it was received with open arms, brought a perfectly heathen element into the customs, sciences, arts, and education, current of thought and application of life. Gods and goddesses, fables and mythology, philosophy and metaphysics were transplanted from the refined and subtle head of the Greek, into the glowing soil of Italy, in which a brilliant heathen world was generated, and displayed in brilliant extravagance, and that too in the very bosom and seat of Christianity—Rome itself. The arts, literature, and poetry of that age bear witness, more or less, of the admixture of the heathen element. The church neglected to oppose its influence with that earnest firmness which would have best become her. Worldly and earthly-minded princes of the church rejoiced over the effeminate, luxurious, wanton spirit of the day, which played with human life, and painted its surface in bright and showy colours—like the scaly body

of the serpent: but severity, seriousness, and holy discipline are lost, like the pure light of the stars in the false brightness of the meteors and ignes fatui which delude men's minds and hold them spell-bound.

A reaction against these meteors, against the abuses, scandals, and disorders of church discipline, which had been brought forward in the forcing heat and dazzling light of a moral hot-house, was inevitable, and it was realised no less in the concavation of the Council of Trent, than in the extraordinary fervour which marked the ecclesiastic life of the last half of the sixteenth century. That the false reaction, the so-called reformation, should have been able to induce so many of the over-blind people to forsake the bosom of the church, caused a wound to open in her heart that can never close until the last heretic returns to her. The revolt against church authority had been gradually preparing during the two preceding centuries; the princes thirsted after absolute power, and the worldly-minded priests regarded the alliance with, and subordination to Rome, as an oppressive yoke, instead of respecting the Roman jurisdiction as a great religious domination, an absolute and internal necessity for the maintenance of the true faith. The religious apostacy was the consequence of the moral desecration that preceded it, and the political disorders naturally followed in its train. The last three centuries have been, for Germany, the



most mournful time that she has known since her original forests were levelled ! Hatred, envy, wrath, jealousy, have given their pernicious incitements to general existence ; they turned the Protestant princes against the Catholic emperor, turned them against each other, and against the people they reigned over ; and hate, envy, wrath and jealousy, found their crisis in the thirty years' war, which was wilder, more bloody, fanatical and ferocious, than the religious wars that just before, or about the same time, raged in France, the Netherlands, and England, and whose influence falling upon Germany, in the form of foreign interference, paralyzed her political life, and prevented her political development. Nothing but the fellowship of religion can create a lasting link between man and man. A community of faith generates an unity of will in all that is great or important ; division of opinion, on highest matters and holiest interests, gives birth to mistrust in all earthly relations. The Catholics saw the treasury of faith abused, rejected, or trampled on by the Protestants ; and these again pretended they could extort from the church an acknowledgment that she could grant to no heresy ; namely, their right to a separate existence as a religious sect. Consequently, the Catholic subjects of a Protestant prince could not regard him without suspicion, and the Protestant subjects of a Catholic prince contracted the utmost contempt for

the idolatrous faith and papal practices of their monarch. The princes were not long in finding out a way of helping themselves, and guarding against the mistrust of their people; a standing army was introduced, that most effective support of absolutism, which the free middle ages neither knew nor wanted. The people, however, were left helpless and unguarded, dependent on the arbitrary will of their governors, whilst the whole political life of Europe found its centre of gravity in the bayonet-defended European cabinets.\* The church, however, rose to a summit of greatness such as she, perhaps, never before had known; she was great in her popes, great in her new orders, that bore the Catholic religion to foreign lands, and bestowed on foreign races that blessing which had been rejected by millions in Europe; she was great in her saints, who, opposed to the wild band of Reformers, appeared, like an army of light, fighting with the heavenly weapons of faith, for the love and salvation of souls; she was great in her profound scholars, who founded the ma-

\* In the present day, when the hatred of absolutism has engendered a hatred of all authority, of whatever kind, and which is everywhere openly called into question, the soldiers are its necessary defenders, and its only support. Soldiers and priests form the worldly and ecclesiastical militia for the defence of that civilization which barbarism threatens to destroy; and they only can undertake its defence, because only in them obedience, the foundation of all order, still exists.

jestic empire of thought upon the ground of revelation, and proved it to the world by their words and books, by their lives and writings, preaching it to all; in fine, she was great in that grandeur which brings her the nearer heaven, in proportion as she draws but little of earthly splendour in her train. For, compared to the absolute sway of the princely powers, her temporal influence was small indeed, and it entirely disappeared when the other reached its culminating point, in the eighteenth century. From that culminating point princely power appears to have been precipitated, but the mistakes and errors of three centuries lie as a corroding canker in the mental and moral life of the world, and they can only be cured by degrees, through the action of heavenly wisdom and divine mercy. But nowhere is the cure so difficult as in Germany, because, unlike England and France, she has never known how to place national and political unity in the stead of religious; and because the impractical, unimaginative, criticising spirit, which has entered into all the mental pursuits of the last three centuries in this country, admits less than any other thing, of establishing a general community of interests. Ever drawing upon that opposing tendency which Protestantism gave to the German mind, it holds negation for the essence of truth, because it criticises truth; and surely, nothing can be more inimical to the perception of truth than this

product of the Reformation, which began by questioning the authority and faith of the church, and thus law, brought into question every authority, every every appearance, and every existence, whether founded on the rights of family or property. With Luther the tendency began, he headed and directed the stream. But what can be the moral action of a creed that was generated by the spirit of opposition that amounted to hatred? Or can any moral doctrine take life in a soil that could put forth no finer blossom than the sentence—"Faith *alone* makes perfect." Divine love was dead in his soul. The perjured monk, who took the run-away nun to wife, must have confessed to himself that spiritual love had left his bosom; that, like Esau, he had sold his birth-right for a mess of porridge. Like a person, who, having lost, through his own carelessness and stupidity, a valuable diamond, attempts to console himself by saying—it was not real! so Luther decided on calling love, and the works of love, papal inventions, and he rejected them with horror. Actuated by such feelings, he invented the text—"faith alone makes perfect." Who does not here remember, with disgust, his infamous aphorism, "Be a sinner, and sin greatly!" which, to say the least of it, sounds odd from the lips of a reformer. He opened the flood-gates to passion and sensuality, and with a degree of consistency, that is the more to be appreciated because

unusual with him, he exemplified his doctrine in his conduct—he lived as he taught. The faith that could not sanctify his life, that found not its manifestation in the exercise of the works of mercy, that aroused in him a furious hatred of the church, and excited him to unrestrained action against those reformers who ventured to differ in opinion with him,—that infused no harmony into human existence, because it was not applied to the regulation and restriction of man's earthly tendencies, was, according to his explanation of it, a *deus ex machina*, that was to transfer man from the grave to eternal blessedness, because the Saviour had shed his blood upon the cross for the remission of sins. The similitude is imperfect, but it occurs to me. Can he be considered a good soldier, who, during the heat and danger of the fight, amuses himself with the sutler's wife, and when the battle is over, expects to receive a cross of honour because he says, he knew from the beginning that his illustrious general would win the day, and for that he deserves a reward. Oh, thou poor miserable soldier ! if in the battle of life thou sittest thyself down to listen to the song, and partake of the bottle of the sutler's wife, thou canst expect no cross of honour, although thy general may conquer and die ! If thou art inspired with admiration for thy leader, why hast thou not followed him to the fight ? Why hast thou not shed thy blood ? Why hast thou no honourable wound to

produce? Never, never can I believe in thy love for thy illustrious general; never can I give credit to thy confidence in him, and respect for his commands when thou hast refused to answer to his cry, "Follow me;" and whilst thy comrades have been courageously fighting at his side, thou hast remained behind to amuse thyself with the sutler's wife. No! to all eternity I must disbelieve thee! And can any one believe it, let me ask? In the darkness of selfishness, in the blindness of passion, when the senses are captivated by the lures of the seducer; yes, then we may act like the soldier; and, whilst we do so, try to persuade ourselves that we are right. But, for a moral doctrine, to meet half way the lower propensities of man, is dreadful indeed. The sublime moral law of the Saviour, as he taught by word and example, as every page of Scripture exhibits it, which addresses to every individual that call to follow Christ, at which the church kindles her life of love, is thrown aside and rejected by the sentence—"Faith alone makes perfect." Can a moral doctrine, that for nearly two thousand years has peopled heaven with saints, and filled the earth with the brightest examples of love, strength, and grandeur, suddenly have lost its healing influence on the manners and morals of the human race, because an Augustine monk thought proper to take to himself a wife? And shall a new moral doc-

trine be founded upon a sentence taken at will from among thousands of others, divided from its natural connexion from them ; and that, if singly presented, stands in perfect contradiction to the whole of the sacred Scriptures, even if the word *alone* were not an invention and addition of Luther's ?

It is understood, that through faith, which is worked out in us by the freely-bestowed grace of God, we are enabled to apply the redemption to our souls ; —this is Catholic doctrine. Redemption is applied to our souls, the Lutheran must say, Luther having denied the existence of free-will, and its power of acting in unison with the divine will. Without free-will there can be no noble struggle, or persevering attempts made in the cause of virtue, no choice between virtue and vice, no elevation above the low sphere of the human propensities, no conquest over the subordinate nature of the flesh ; in a word, no holiness ! and, consequently, Luther disbelieved in holiness. Love is the fruit of free-will—is the pure, sanctified will of the redeemed man, united to the will of God, with which he aspires to work out a state of holiness—that is, diligently and steadily to set about restoring the likeness of God, in which he was made, because he is desirous of bearing in himself the likeness of him he loves, and, because also, he whom he loves is the entire fulness of perfection, and has called upon his followers to become perfect—to

become holy. Faith is a crown of gold, but which only then becomes the sign of triumph when the diamond of love glistens in it. Faith encircles the head of man with a wreath of glory; but oh! how many other wreaths of glory have ornamented the human head! Love winds her wreath about the heart, and the heart is the cradle and throne of the will, by which it is raised to God as soon as the heart burns in the bright fire of divine love. This love has called forth the great saints, our champions, our fore-runners—of whom Luther unmercifully robbed his followers; because, in his creed, neither love nor holiness found admittance. But is not that religion a fearful one, which deprives man of the ideal of human perfection, instead of pointing it out to him for imitation? Man becomes so easily lukewarm, and inactive; or, if active, so readily self-satisfied, that he soon begins to whisper to himself: “That aim is beyond my reach;” or, “I am already at the goal.” How pleasantly is the slothful Christian stimulated to labour, when mighty voices continually address him: What thou art, we once were! Collect thy powers in a strong and lively effort of the will, and the grace of God will not be wanting to thee; and, assisted by grace, thou canst become what we are. How wholesome is it for the self-satisfied to be compelled to hear: Thou fanciest thyself at the goal. Oh, poor fool! perceivest thou not that thou



art about to leave off where we began? Such warnings, such heart-strengthening admonitions and exhortations, that are in accordance with the wants of the weak, the aspirings of the energetic, which so mercifully consider the nature of man, and act so beneficially on it, helping him so tenderly and encouragingly forwards; that holy ideal of a likeness of God; after which the will that is united with God in love must ever yearn and struggle, because it is the grand aim of human life, Luther annihilated, even as he rejected the words of Christ:—"On this rock I will build my church!" And shall I not weep tears of blood, when I think that nearly all of those to whom I am bound by the ties of kindred and friendship, have wandered astray without knowing it, that they sit in the valley of the shadow of death and find not their ways to the heights, because he has broken their strength and said to them:—"Free-will exists not for ye! Ye are not capable of finding the way, nor of keeping in the right path; but ye will be justified and saved notwithstanding; depend on the merits of Christ alone." What is man in this earthly state without an exalted end to struggle for? Dust! And how can he aspire to an exalted end, when his religion expressly teaches him he can never reach it? He who denies to man the possession of free-will, delivers him over to the power of an evil will; for into that he falls, who leaves his energies unexercised;

moral torpidity is the immediate consequence of the doctrine in question.

But, perhaps some of you may answer me, "I believe in the free-will of man." Ah, then I shall no longer shed tears of blood for thee—thou wilt tell me! Free-will, when it is not used in that way, and for that end, and under those conditions, that the Catholic religion commands, is self-will, and I am ready to believe that thou livest in the exercise of that, exactly as I did. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that very few Protestants, the orthodox Lutherans excepted, care much about the doctrine that Luther taught, or take the trouble to make themselves acquainted with it. It is, indeed, rather a difficult task, as he introduced into it, one after the other, not only new modifications, but palpable contradictions; and gave it other limits than he appears at first to have intended. Besides which, it must be a matter of perfect indifference to a Protestant what Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, or any of the rest of them taught; for with the Bible in his hand, he has a full right to think himself just as enlightened as any of them. I often think that Luther must have been rather astonished when he saw the rapid progress which his universal priesthood made in the world on which he had conferred it. The church, too, has her universal priesthood, in as far as every Christian has to make an oblation of his heart to God, to offer it up

in faith and love every moment of his life, and especially during the holy sacrifice of the mass. But for this free-will is indispensably necessary, for without it sacrifice is impossible. The one vanishes with the other, and without sacrifice there can be no priesthood. Luther's notion of the priesthood was the individual enlightenment through the Holy Ghost. For which reason it is hard to comprehend how he could have complained that the Reformers, "instead of preaching the gospel and his interpretation of it," preached "wild ducks over and over again;"—he might have anticipated that all sorts of "ducks" would be taught and preached. And they are preached by innumerable Protestants; to be sure, some preach other things; some themselves, for instance; and this, perhaps, with the greatest zeal, both from desk and pulpit.

Desk and pulpit I had not; but then I had my books, in which Luther would have found, doubtless, flocks of "wild ducks" in my subjective opinions and views. But as these were allowed me on religious subjects, I saw no reason why I should not carry them over into any other sphere, and I never could understand why I should be expected to respect another's opinion more than my own on any point, I allowed every one to think as he liked; but I had no idea of subjecting my judgment to another's—in the practice of life it may have been de-

cided by love. No science, no learning, no intellect, ever struck me as imposing. Knew these wise and learned men more of the eternal truth than I knew? No, then why should I admire and reverence them for the sake of some perishable system that they might have created or invented? True, I had not studied and learnt so much as they, but then, I had seen more, perhaps thought as much, and sought more; and as for deep religious convictions, I had never heard them expressed by Protestants so as to feel them fall upon my heart, to say nothing of lending warmth to it. Whether orthodox, rationalists, or pietists, I had no understanding of their language; and ardently as I often wished to belong to some communion of faith, I felt it was impossible for me to join any of them, I remained isolated, and sometimes I felt it bitterly and acutely.

In the whole course of my intellectual struggles I stood alone; I had no companions of my labours, who thought and felt as I did, and with whom I could act in unison. Friends I possessed, and readers. Oh, yes! but no creating active partners in the realm of thought. The literary community, which was composed of the journalists as they then were in Germany, was in the highest degree disagreeable to me, because they were without principle, having no other object in view, but to be paid for their day's work, and to put by a few thalers. In

the critical periodicals, as well as in those dedicated to the *belles lettres*, there was a total want of that breath of life which could render them the organs of great, durable, or extensive ideas ; such as the "historical-political papers" are ; but which I then had not heard of, or the Quarterly and Edinburgh Review in England. An able and noble-minded literary association can only form itself around great ideas, because they alone can strengthen and exalt it, and nothing but the devotion to them, can overcome the rivalry and littleness of jealousy which makes a healthy natural combination of action so difficult. Of course, I received many an invitation to write for this or that periodical, but I civilly declined them all, so that I never wrote a line for any journal. This was a matter of offence to the editors and publishers, and they resented it as if I intended a personal affront to them. It often amused me to read a furious criticism of my books in the very same publication to which I had a short time before been entreated to contribute. If a single one had presented itself to me with some great and leading idea, I believe I should have been induced to co-operate with it, for even in that line, I grieved over my solitariness. But, as in the search after a religious association, if I could not join it with my whole heart with the holiest conviction and the deepest devotion, I preferred remaining solitary ; and on these con-

ditions it was impossible to enter the horizon of German journalism, the superficial character of which affords a sad evidence of the emptiness of that universal knowledge upon which a German public prides itself, particularly when we compare it with a French or English public.

Upon the whole, however, at that time, the sense of loneliness could only momentarily depress me. I felt a delight in standing alone, in walking at my own risk my own way, and in making my books popular, not through the assistance of the journalists, but in spite of them. Nothing came amiss that afforded me an opportunity of proving to myself what I was capable of. Struggle was always an enjoyment to me—sometimes a sour one, but I always courageously undertook it. Together with the false notions I had formed to myself of the rights of the individual in the fulfilment of his destiny, I had at least been so far in the right, as to feel convinced that a person who attempted to carry out such ideas, must live more or less isolated from the world. He who ranges with the great herd, stands under the protection of the shepherd, and allows himself to be hunted by the dog, to be led by the bell-wether, resigns his independence for living in a community that can afford no contentment of mind, because it is only held together by the external bonds of custom, the fear of man, received opinions, and the weakness

of vanity ;—this I said to myself, and added, those bonds have too little power over thee to restrain thy steps ; therefore, thou must live divided from the great herd, and never forget that thy own will has decided thy fate.

But all this had little or nothing to do with my social existence ; it referred only to my intellectual life. In my intercourse with the world, I appeared pretty much the same as other people ; yes, I must have been so, or I could not have managed to have lived so well with them. And then, they called forth such a lively interest in me, particularly as long as I had something to study in their characters. As soon as I knew them the interest diminished ; unless, indeed, some sort of friendship was established in its place. My whole and sole aim was to approach the internal life. I wanted to behold the soul of man. What my friends or acquaintances had seen and heard in the world, was very indifferent to me ; what they had thought or felt was of the first importance ; so much so, that I was overcome with gratitude when any of them opened to me his heart and soul. But so unaccustomed is the world to speak from the heart, that it is a rare instance to find a person who can do so ! And, oh ! how often have I felt as if I must have taken my friends in my hands, and shaken them to get out something of their internal being. As, with an invisible divinatory wand, I walked

through the world, searching for springs of pure water or veins of gold ; and I can say that some sweet remembrances are connected with it.

The immense interest I took in the internal man, always animated me in writing my books ; and it is sad and sorrowful to think, that notwithstanding that my works have never been able to exert a favourable influence, because positive faith and positive moral law, the only certain starting point and certain goal, were always wanting in them. But of this not a word was said in those furious criticisms written by the parties who entered the field against me ! They accused me of being too aristocratic, and of not having drawn the masculine characters of my novels, in the sublime form of ideal manliness ; these reproofs appeared in my eyes ridiculous. Perhaps the criticisms of the last few years may have been otherwise. I read them only in the commencement of my career ; as I then very innocently fancied they might be of use to me. I thought criticism could teach me something, and so it could, undoubtedly ; but then it must issue from a clear refined intellect, and such a one never undertook my improvement. But it is a question, whether they might then have proved of much service to me, or rather it is not a matter of question, for, knowing myself as I do, I must say, they would not. No intellect upon earth would have been able to precipitate me from that marble block, on which I



stood firm as a statue. That work was for the grace of God alone ! Now, my books are gone down in the great antediluvian gulph, which the year 1848 opened, and which has swallowed up a very different class of persons from Faustina and Sibilla ! and it is no longer my vocation to write novels and travels. I live no longer in that region, and like the Arethusa, who disappeared from the land of Greece, to glide under the waters and arise again on the fair coast of Sicily, the beautiful land that was loved of the gods, and adorned by them with flowers and sunshine, I sunk into an ocean of grief, whose waves rushed so heavily over my head and heart, that I gave myself up for lost. And see, I arise again upon a distant and blessed shore, blooming in imperishable beauty and eternal light ! but not in an island dedicated to the gods, no, in the kingdom of God—in that church which alone can give salvation.

My Lord and my God ! all things bear witness of thy grace to me, and teach me to glorify thy name. If I had never been a wanderer in Babylon, I might never have been able to value, to its full extent, the bliss of arriving in Jerusalem. When mournful thoughts cast their veil of twilight over me—when melancholy, arising from the thousand indissoluble dissonances of life, attempts to spin its web around me—when I look back into the — ah ! perhaps, still charming world of shadows of the past, which

has such power, that no Orpheus could draw Euridice out of the ocean to the light ; then, heavenly spirits speak to me, and say : “ Thou art redeemed ! Thou art delivered ! Christ is mightier than Orpheus ! Thou canst go secure at his right hand out of the world of shadows to the region of eternal light ! ” And as a tree, that the soft evening wind murmurs over, shaking the drops of rain from its leaves ; so the soul throws off her tears and sorrows, and remains firm and still. The sun of future blessedness requires the shadowy cloud of the past, and the soft tearful shower of the present, to throw the rainbow over the earth, which is the sign of the covenant of peace between God and man. It was the arch of triumph under which I entered the one, true church. What are a few tears, when the gain is grace and happiness ?

Oh, say not to me, I beseech ye, what I have so frequently heard, namely, that this happiness is the consequence of my individual feelings which I bring in connexion with the church, and that my heart and my fancy are necessary for conceiving it. Oh, say it not, and believe it not ! Remember, the church is the eternal truth made visible, and as truth is but one, so there can be but one right way of viewing it—man kneels down and worships. That is my simple view of it, and that every one is capable of. No peculiar qualities of the heart are necessary ! that only

is required which is common to all—the capability of loving. Ye have but to collect it in yourselves, instead of scattering it and squandering it on trifles. Every heart has its own proportions, and can regulate the stroke of its pendulum accordingly—the one is deep or shallow, the other wide or narrower—yes, but whatever its proportions may be, the church can fill it out, and every stroke of its pendulum can find room in her, otherwise she would not be catholic. But to return to my fancy? Do ye understand by the word fancy an undefined enthusiasm for objects, events, or ideas? If so, I must confess I am deficient in it. Fancy, in this sense is easily caught by all that is new or extraordinary. Well, for some years past, the times have supplied us with enough of the new and extraordinary. We have had constitutionalism and liberalism, rationalism and pietism, communism and socialism, radicalism and German catholicism; we have seen evolutions and revolutions; but, I ask ye; who has heard or read a syllable of mine, which could admit of any other interpretation being given it than that of passing a sentence of condemnation on the phenomena of the age. That may be looked upon as presumption perhaps, but surely it cannot be denominated fancy, and I have a strong healthy sort of common sense—notwithstanding that I have been a novel writer—which is extremely difficult to fanaticise. Or do ye mean to tell me that I am endowed with

real fancy, that is imaginative power? It would be delightful to me to think so. For, when the intellect has searched things to their very foundations, it is the imagination which must receive that which the intellectual powers have discovered, and form a mental image of those realities the intellect presents to it, thus preserving them ever fresh in appearance, and animating them with mental life and spirit. This is true imagination ! It touches forms and appearances like a magic wand, and makes the idea that exists in them start into new life, although it may long have lain in them buried, dormant, or forgotten. If there be no idea present, fancy busies herself not with the useless work of trying to present an empty form, as if it were animated by a soul ; that is the extravagance of imagination. Oh, I should be happy to think myself endowed with fancy, for then I should possess the talent to perceive, the deep and wonderful beauty of the church in all her forms, as rays of light emanating from a living centre. Such beauty no mind can invent, nor imagination dream. Dreams and inventions are imperfect, and she is the fulness of perfection, and perfection of unity, and therefore, does she strike us to be so overpowering, when, weary of the fragments that lie strewed in a chaotic mass around her we venture to approach her inviolable majesty.

Yes, inviolable ! every fresh desertion of her ranks

awakes her to fresh grief, and draws from her the bitterest and loudest lamentations; but wavering, yielding, tottering, are words that have no meaning when applied to her. They follow her deserters, and that she knows—therefore, she utters her lamentations. A disciple betrayed the Lord, a disciple denied him, and only one out of the twelve stood under his cross. They who were found worthy to be the witnesses and partners of his holy life, to receive his word from his divine lips, to behold his miracles, to enjoy his teaching, his blessing, and his manifold graces—remained not all faithful to him. Oh, his soul must have uttered a mournful lament over the treachery of Judas, the denial of Peter, because, in that their want of divine love was evident :—but what followed this? When he was questioned by Pilate, “ Art thou a King ?” he answered, “ Thou sayest it, I am a King.” And so does the church answer. Hundreds may fall at her right hand, and thousands at her left—her deadly enemies may arise out of her own bosom—they may give her gall to drink and crown her with thorns, and pierce her heart with a spear; but unshaken she addresses her deserters, “ I am the one true church.” Compared with all the other confessions and sects, how majestic does this make her appear, like a king of the good old days reigning by the grace of God, contrasted with a modern monarch holding his title to the sovereignty by

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the grace of the people. Whatever pretensions the other confessions may have made, one thing they have never pretended to—they have never called themselves the *only* true church of Christ, and, consequently, none of them have believed that they and they *alone* were the treasurers of truth! For had they believed that the fulness of truth was vested with them, through the knowledge of which man could secure his salvation, they must have published their predicate in the face of the whole world. But none of them ever attempted it. The Anglican church calls herself a Catholic, as if feeling that she had to lay claim to one of the insignia of the old kingdom, to be able to establish her authority in the new kingdom which she has founded; but even she has never called herself the *only* church of Christ; the one true church in which salvation is to be found. In this assertion lies the full consciousness of a divine origin, and of a destination equal to it. Ah, he who holds not his confession for the only true one, should at least endeavour to learn what that church is which calls herself the only true one! But that is the very thing which makes the case so melancholy, that the Protestants prefer studying the Indian, the Chinese, the Persian, or Mahometan religion, to searching into the particulars of Catholic doctrine. Did I not do the same myself? How magnificent I thought the incarnations of Brahma, and Zoroaster's kingdom

of light, and the Triads in which the Egyptian gods governed the earth. And they are highly interesting and worthy of being studied, undoubtedly, because they manifest to us how the fallen human spirit, the unredeemed soul, strains her powers to the utmost, and sometimes with so much of wisdom and sagacity to call that into life which she can never create, never even discover, unassisted. Half-forgotten, half-disfigured traditions, connected with the history of the origin of the human race, and the original state of happy innocence, are to be found, running like threads of gold in the coarse web of human inventions and explanations, in all those religions. Truth lies hidden at their foundations, but the sublime has run into the monstrous, and the mystic into the brutal. Near crumbs of truth lie mountains of falsehood; with a clearness of intuition is to be found an impure conception. A false spiritualism—false, because no moral law, the fruit of divine revelation, supports and regulates it—produces an unharmonious development of man, rendering his mental life nebulous, and his life of the senses rude. The archetype becomes a caricature;—like a lovely countenance reflected in a broken mirror. The mind of man, unenlightened by revelation, is a broken mirror, incapable of receiving the image of the Deity, except in broken rays. Revealed religion helps to restore to him his last power, to replace him in his state of original

dignity, to awake him to a pure perception of the divine, which is a consequence of the divine love.

With the broken mirror of my miserable mind, I sat down amidst the ruins of Balbec and Thebes, and strove, in vain, to discover in the religions which had called forth those temples, some connexion with the Christian faith. I fancied each must bear in it the same character of a forerunner, which the Jewish religion has, and must have, because it was revealed by God. In those days, I believed that every individual was favoured by an especial revelation, as soon as he aspired ardently for the knowledge of the truth, therefore I naturally concluded that to every people and nation the same privilege was granted, and that every religion had been, in its time, the only true one—but *only* in its time. And was Christianity only for a time?—that I resisted.

It was a moonlight night in Upper Egypt, and we sat by the ruins of Com Ombus, on the borders of Nubia. The Nile makes a sharp turn as it winds under the promontory on which the ruins of the temple stand, and it keeps constantly washing away the sand and stones at the base, so that the day can not be far distant which shall see its fall. We observed that the Nile, in the whole of its mysterious course through Egypt, with its rises and falls, its fructifying and destructive powers, presented a good picture of time, whose forces go on so still and irre-



sistible, creating and destroying ; and that on such a spot, where the annihilation of so much magnificence was perpetrated by the inroads of water and sand of the desert, one might well fear the decay and fall of all that could be called perishable—of the whole earth, the whole creation ! But the religions also ? Are they to be buried in the ruins of their temple ? to be lost with the people to whom they gave culture and civilization ? And Christianity too ? was its fate to be like Com Ombus in the desert ?—its base washed away by the majestic and irresistible stream of time ; its pillars and temples buried and choked up with drifted sand, which keeps stealing in as life retreats from it ? Nay, nay, that I could not, would not hear of ! I took refuge from my fears in the words of the Apostle Peter, and said with him, “ Lord, whither shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” So great was the desire, the necessity which my soul was sensible of, to shield and support the perishable nature of this world with a something imperishable, that I was unconscious of the folly of clinging to the words of Peter, without having Peter’s faith ; that faith in Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, which revealed religion gives to us, which the church that is built on Peter, and has in herself the fulness of truth, teaches us—the one true church which proffers salvation. But into such inconsistency of thought had my mind fallen, from the

total want of all or any positive doctrine, that I saw no way of rescuing myself from the web of contradictions that surrounded me, but by having recourse to those subjective opinions and views which in reality had produced the web of contradictions.

Such is the condition of so many Protestants! They live in a sort of morbid passion for the erection of religious theories, which are formed after their subjective necessities. And to find efficient support and arguments for the same, they make use of various means, seek their refuge in philosophy, mythology, anthropology, until they have heaped a chaotic mass around them; and in the meantime avoid instinctively, I may say, to touch the Catholic catechism, or the decrees of the council of Trent, as if they wanted to guard themselves from the approach of anything positive. They stand in constant fear, a dread that has been the essence of life for Protestantism during the three hundred years that it has had existence—lest their exalted minds should be darkened, oppressed, crippled by Catholic orthodoxy, which seems to float before them as the complication of confusion. The main thing is, to throw away authority, lest it might prove inconvenient.

For myself, I must say, I was something like Sancho Panza. He sold his kingdom for a flock of geese, and I preferred my flock of opinions, conceptions, ideas, views, and suppositions, all crossing and

combating with each other, to the possession of a real kingdom. For, painful as it is to say it, I must confess, that I felt a presentiment of the beauty and glory of the church.

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I WAS a young, lively girl, when I crossed for the first time the threshold of a Catholic church ; it was the Hedwig church in Berlin. I had been told it was built after the model of the Pantheon in Rome. I thought, if the Pantheon, which I had represented to myself as beautiful, be like this, it must be very ugly ; and that was the only impression it made on me. How often I visited Berlin since that, without thinking of the Hedwig church—until at last ! the last time I was there—and then, when I remembered it, it was never to forget it.

Well, at the age of sixteen one is privileged to be a little thoughtless ; but a few years later I visited the Catholic church in Dresden—and I remember experiencing the same indifference for all that went on there except the music, with which the High Mass was celebrated. With that I was in raptures ! I scarcely looked towards the altar, because I could not understand what passed there, and consequently it did not possess any interest for me. And I was equally ignorant of what sort a creature a Catholic might be, for I knew none, and had never heard anything fur-

ther of them than the lectures which historical works had provided for me, and which had nothing to do with the living generation. But the music—this time that was the reminiscence I bore with me from the Catholic church of Dresden.

Two years later—then, I was no longer gladsome, and, therefore, no longer young,—I entered a Catholic land, I went to Wurzburg, and then to the Rhine. I beheld the Catholic religion no longer confined to the house of God, but showing itself in the streets, in the open air. No more restricted to a royal church, or an imitation of the Pantheon, land and life and people belonged to her; and as I was no longer so thoughtless as before, often feeling a sorrowful heart that did not know where to turn for comfort, it was agreeable to me to see religion taking possession of the world, presenting itself to the eye of man at every step and turn, and reminding him of his God. On the road stood a crucifix—under the shelter of some beautiful old trees a chapel—upon a hill was a place of pilgrimage—and in the town the splendid Cathedrals—whilst convents or their ruins were to be discovered in the graceful scenery, and the music of bells enlivened it—the whole seemed to do me good, to give balm to my heart, a sort of dreamy, undefined comfort, because, for the first time in my life, I felt that religion was a something that the heart could make use of, which until then I had never experi-

enced! I possessed a New Testament, like other Protestants; and I read daily a portion therein, and thought it quite divine—but then, it was a book only, and that was not sufficient for me, in as far as I had neither experience, nor learning, nor inspiration, nor piety enough to bring it in its proper bearing upon life, or to comprehend the one, by the assistance of the other.

I spent some weeks in a small town in which there was one Protestant and one Catholic church. I went to the Catholic church—to pray. In the Protestant churches one can scarcely be said to pray!\* there is no time, no opportunity for prayer. The doors open, the congregation walk in, they sing a certain hymn, listen to a sermon, sing another hymn, and walk out again—the doors re-shut, to re-open on the seventh day. This is anything but favourable for the internal concentration of the mind and heart in prayer! One must keep the attention directed to that which is sung or said, and forcing the attention destroys devotion, which requires an occasional stillness, rest, contemplation, in order that the soul may be able to commune with God:—that is prayer. My soul was not contented with listening to a sermon every seventh day in the week, either at that time or

\* This is to be understood as applicable to the Protestant churches in Germany, which in this respect are totally different to the English churches. The Protestant services of the two churches have scarcely any similarity.

in a later period ; and here I ask if her instincts were false ? If religion is to have a real and active influence upon man, it must breathe through his whole life in the world. It must encircle all his days, and not be reduced to a seventh day and a sermon. I know that the Protestants who read this will ask :—“Does it do so with the Catholics ? and I know I can answer ; If not, it is the fault of the individual—not the church ; with you it is on the contrary. The Catholic can spend the entire day in the most intimate and salutary union with the church, if he feels disposed to embrace her holy devotional exercises, like roses amidst the thorns of his life. The holy sacrifice of the Mass, the adoration of the holy sacrament, the angelus, the rosary, the evening services—the prayers appointed for different seasons of the year, or periods of the day—can keep his soul in living and blessed communion with that great body, which worships God “in spirit and in truth” at every hour and over the whole earth. Is he insensible to this ; that is his fault ! The church lets no soul feel the horrors of starvation.

Sermons I thought, inexpressibly tiresome. I wanted to be made to feel, to be moved and shaken in my innermost soul—and instead of this I was obliged to listen to reflections, divided into three parts ; which left no particular impression but that of the regularity with which they were divided. And yet I was not unsusceptible, and ungrateful, decidedly

no ! Two sermons, in the course of my life affected me deeply when I heard them; and although so many years have passed since then, I remember to this hour the text which they expounded. The one was :—“ Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden ;” the other :—“ Ye thought to do evil to me, but God thought to make it good.” Oh, my soul has a vivid remembrance, and is sensible of the greatest gratitude for benefits received in her religious life ! At that time, I soon found out, and expressed it, that the long reflections of the preacher, merely weakened the deep and beautiful impression that the simple words made on me, and that I much preferred making my own reflections on the subject ; and according to the Lutheran dogma of universal priesthood, I do not think any one can prove that I was wrong—for the preacher expounded the Scripture just as I did—only with more learning—after his own subjective faith.

This is the very thing that must ever break the force of a Protestant sermon ; it expresses the subjective opinions of the preacher, who has not the right to insist that his hearers listen to it, as to the genuine word of God. Neither rationalists nor supernaturalists venture to make such a demand, for they know that all of their hearers have the right to say, with their Bibles in their hands, “ We believe differently.” And if one amongst them feels himself beaten by the preacher’s learning, he may still say ;

“The Holy Ghost has nothing to do with learning, he can enlighten the ignorant.”

Perhaps some may here feel inclined to tell me, that such an undisciplined and self-opinionated creature could never belong to any confession. I accept the adjectives, and answer, For an undisciplined and self-opinionated creature, Protestantism affords the greatest latitude and freedom; therefore it ought to have made me very happy to know I was a Protestant, which it never did—no! not for a single moment of my life. From which it is apparent that I am sensible of an internal necessity for religious discipline. And here again I must ask, can that confession be considered properly organized which is so poor in means, that in spite of the latitude it offers to the perverted propensities of man, it cannot attract a soul that seeks for something further in religion than the liberty which the propensities desire?

Thousands of times have I said—I was born in a Protestant land, in a Protestant age, and with a Protestant head on my shoulders; but my heart is Catholic,—and nobody contradicted excepting once, when I added—but the head is worth nothing, and the heart is good! Then one of my hearers answered me eagerly, and he repeated it often, that I was too clever to be able to believe the Catholic dogmas. I returned by asking him—“Do you consider me cleverer than Bossuet and Fenelon? They believed those dogmas.”



No! the Protestant sermons were useless to me. Somebody once brought me a collection of Schleiermacher's. I read some, and then gave them back. I could not feel satisfied with his lawyer-like way of pleading for God, and I said—he is not what I want! He who cannot speak to me as Christ spoke to the fishers of Galilee, can make no impression on me.” Without knowing it, I had hit the right nail on the head! I wanted the eternal Word, the pure doctrine, as the servants of the church have preached it for eighteen hundred years.

To be sure, they have this immense advantage over the Protestant preachers, apart from that of being rooted to the rock of the church, that they understand human nature, and especially their congregation, better. The one not only looks at his congregation, but penetrates the very bottom of their hearts, knows their internal peculiarities, is acquainted with their wishes and wants. The other sees his congregation from the pulpit once a week, and then looks down on their skulls. Of course, the first can speak more forcibly, in a more fatherly and friendly manner, and instead of confining himself to reflections on doctrinal points, let the doctrine that he preaches pass easily over to its application to human life; whereas, the last is obliged to restrict himself to a train of reflections, letting himself and his hearers cool in the frosty atmosphere of abstract thought.

After this I lived for many years in a Protestant

neighbourhood, and under circumstances, where nothing but Protestantism presented itself to me, where every one, on the Protestant principle, constructed a religion for himself, and felt himself, more or less, well or ill thereby. My soul felt sick and miserable. Ah! she lived like Psyche, in tortures; at times she was tired even of the Holy Scriptures. But there were some other books to which she clung with imperishable love. These were, the works of Fenelon, the Following of Christ, and the Confessions of St. Augustin; especially the last and first. Thomas à Kempis I was not always capable of following into the anchoret cell of the monk, separated from the whole visible world; but Fenelon, who turns faith into love, him I understand; and St. Augustin, with his struggles and aspirations, I understood him also. It was an old French translation that first fell into my hands, and I have never been satisfied with a German version. The first impression gave words to the emotions of my heart, and it has ever appeared foreign to me in any other language. Words such as these in the first book:—"Le cœur de l'homme ne trouve aucun repos, jusqu'au moment où il parvient à se reposer en vous;" and in the third:—"ou veut trouver de la vie dans ce qu'on aime;" and in the fourth: "Une ame que aime, veut se-reposer dans ce qu'elle aime"—magnetised me to the very soul. My spirit was hushed, she turned and looked into herself, and found the same longing, to melt the

deepest repose with the highest love. But how ? in what way ? by what means ? Ah, that I know not, and I could find out in the confessions, because I believed that it was only for the saints God worked the miracle of a conversion. He had tortured me sometimes, that St. Augustin, because in him I saw imaged my own longings, in all that he wished or wished not, I felt just as he did ! But why, then, could I not gain the end he had reached ?

My Lord and my God ! as if that could have been possible, living as I did, in an uninterrupted chain of mental distractions. I mean not the distractions of a life spent in society, because, in the first place, I often lived in perfect retirement ; and, in the second, the most continual and exciting social intercourse never could have had the effect of disturbing my inward repose, its impressions never went very deep. But, the three genii, of whom I have already spoken as the rulers of my life, they left me no peace if I attempted to go another way, than that on which they could follow me, or I them. What is it that I want ? I often impatiently asked myself. Always something that I have not ? Be still, my heart, and learn to resign, as all must, and so many do who have much less than thou hast to be content upon. Collect thy powers, lose not thy balance ; thou hast the strength, acquire the will to stand.

And sometimes, with a sort of heroism, I sat down

to—write a novel. As soon as that was finished I commenced a journey, when it was over I came home and described it in a book. What energies I have lavished—it is lamentable to think of! for lavished is all that contributes not to the health and welfare of the soul. If I had done that for my immortal soul which I have done for my wretched self, what might I be now?

When a book was finished, and circumstances prevented my undertaking a journey, I fell eagerly to a study of history—the history of races, states, individuals, arts, all were eagerly devoured by me, because I sought and found in them the organic development of life in the mass, as well as in the individual. Development of philosophical systems, never interested me. I wanted the living heart-throb, and that was not visible in abstract speculations. My weak head is not organised for abstract theories. Once I read a book of Fichte's on immortality—the only one of the German philosophers that I ever attempted to understand. I think it was very beautiful; but I have long since forgotten it, for the soul of a St. Augustin, I discovered not in those pages. The German philosophy which has opened its blossoms since the great apostacy of the sixteenth century, I know only by its fruits; by its effects on life, which are such as must inevitably result from the half-developed imperfect human mind, that has separated itself from faith, and

over-excites its power to escape confessing its imperfection, and extends itself to an unnatural length in order to hide it. That great apostacy tore its adherents from the essence of the christian religion, beloved obedience. The conceited reformers set up their own subjective creed, as the last end and highest law; and the life-giving principle of Protestantism, was the negative principle which taught—the right faith to consist in believing the very opposite of all that was taught by the church. I say; that was its only principle of life, and the Protestants will answer me, The reformers possessed a firm faith in Christ as the Redeemer, the Son of God, and that Christ himself gave the promise of eternal life to those who believed in him as their God and Saviour. He did indeed give the promise as he said :—“ Believe in me ;” and “ He who believes in me, &c.” But no where has he said—“ Believe in as much of my doctrine as you think fit, take as many of my words and promises as you like, and you shall have eternal life.” He could not have said it, because an imperishable divine promise could never be made dependent on perishable, changeable, human conditions. Such a promise must stand in connection with an immutable law in the human soul, it must be based on the faith in Christ as it has been taught by his church, in which it has been kept alive for nearly two thousand years. The belief in single sentences

of Christ's, with the rejection of some, and the addition of others, brought into connexion with the promise of eternal life—is a terribly erroneous doctrine, which exalts human wisdom to become the judge of divine revelation. If the reformers performed their work in ignorance of what they did, it was a pity that they had not chosen another scene for the exercise of their contending and quarrelsome propensities ; but if they knew what they were doing, and to speak rationally one must conclude they did—then—but God must judge them ! The church teaches much that is hard to follow, hard indeed to the natural man under the influence of pride and sensuality, consequently, he preferred casting her aside, and following the reformers who adapted their doctrine to man's nature, by forming it after a human, instead of a divine standard, fostering the pride of man, and favouring his sensuality. And on this soil, the whole mental and moral cultivation of Protestant Germany, has displayed itself since three hundred years. Can we wonder at the fruit it has put forth ? A fruit, that fills not only the faithful, but the reasonable, the honest portion of society, with loathing, anxiety, and sorrow, because they see that its effects must throw the social community back into a state of the deepest barbarism. If opposition to the church and the dogmas she received from God met with such approbation as to be recognised as legal—on what grounds,

and by what means can the opposition be repressed which arises against all authority, all order, and all law? If a man digs away the foundation of his house, he may support it by props and beams, and contrive to keep it for a time upright; but he will sooner or later see the cracks increase, the mortar give way, and one stone fall upon another. When the beams moulder and the props decay, the house must be converted into a heap of rubbish, and all the speedier if it happens to be beset with battering rams. And in these the opposition is rich, more particularly the radical party, who are open-hearted in their way, and cry, Down with all that stands in our way! This is madness—yes, but not half so mad as the conduct of the so-called liberal party, the genuine produce of the Reformation, who endeavour to claim an authority in their own persons, whilst they oppose and ruin the legitimate authority that should exist over them. The radicals stand in about the same position to the liberals, as Jan Bockold the king of the anabaptists stood to Luther. He thought Luther's attempts at a reformation very imperfect. He wanted to introduce a new order of things, to create a new world, in which the scaffold was to perform an important part. Whether the radicals bear the name of anabaptists, as they did then, communists or socialists, as they do now, the substance remains the same; the liberals behold them with hatred, and

they in their turn, look upon liberalism with utter contempt; the combat between the two parties is not yet fought out. The beams and props, which the Reformation first made use of, to keep up the undermined building, were the absolute tendencies of the princes, the degraded state of the nobility, and the prejudices of the citizens. The tie was dissolved between the Lutheran or reformed princes, and the supreme head of the Catholic church—it was considerably loosened between them and the Catholic Roman emperor. The connecting links, the community of interests, the life of the well-organised mass, gradually disappeared, the princes hardened into absolutism; but even stones decay! The nobility? Oh, the nobility must have been sunken indeed, before they could have deserted the faith of their fathers. The knight, whose sword is not, from first to last, drawn in defence of the church, is no true knight, for the knighthood of Christendom took its root in faith. And if all else had fallen away from the church, the nobility should have stood steadfastly by her. But when they turned false, and rejected tradition, above all, the tradition of faith; ah, then honour must have been dead within them, and without honour no nobility can stand; that is proved to us now. The citizens prepossessed in favour of their own activity, grudged the clergy what they called their easy life. Those who had devoted themselves to traffic and



profit, thought it a great injustice done to themselves, to allow the clergy the possession of property for which they had neither traded nor struck bargains. The soul of the citizen was dissolved in the acquirement of wealth, and the enjoyment of the good things of this world; well, he has pined away in the greediness of gain. Finally, all felt flattered, by being put in possession of a wisdom, hitherto unknown, which suddenly gave to all—to the prince, the nobleman, the merchant, and the artisan—the power of sitting in judgment over the proceedings of the holy church.

Am I unjust? prejudiced? I wish to avoid being so; and if I wrote a history of the Reformation, without assigning to it one noble motive, I should undoubtedly be so. But I do not write a history of the Reformation. I merely take the liberty of making, in my way, and after my views, some observations, which relate to that side of the event, which the Protestants choose to leave untouched. They are so much accustomed to regard the Reformation as a praiseworthy and sublime undertaking, and to have its heroes presented to them, dressed out in the robes and habiliments of glory, that it cannot occur to them to ask the question, Is there not another side to be examined? And was the stimulus then given to men's minds not carried to an unjustifiable excess? I say, it cannot occur to them; because, I take it

for granted that they are sincere in their Protestant faith, and hold that for true which they have learnt and read; and to the sincere Protestants, I address myself, with my marginal notes to the text which commands their admiration, in order to draw their attention to facts, and to call forth the question, Did the Reformation in reality correspond to a grand and exalted aim of the human mind? Only so far! One sincere question of a sincere soul may call down the reward of the highest grace! And I wish nothing further, than that all who read these lines, may receive the grace of divine truth.

It does not enter into my design to deny historical truths. Not the church, but those whose office it was to support its dignity, were thoroughly infused with a worldliness of spirit. That heathen element, which, as I have already said, was, after the fall of Bysanthium, in the middle of the sixteenth century, transplanted by the scattered Greeks, in the forms of art and science, into the soil of Italy, and received there with all the joy with which the sensual nature of man draws into his own sphere of life, all that is novel and glittering, because it promises novel and brilliant pleasures—that element bore its bitter fruit in the sixteenth century. Many a faithful heart, many a pious spirit, many a brave and zealous knight or citizen, was cut to the soul, at witnessing the worldliness and luxury of the servants of the church,

and still more so, when the intelligence spread from Rome beyond the Alps, of the heathen abominations that took place there, and which was spread by the Reformers for the sake of furthering their purposes. Many fell off from the church out of undeniable piety, because they despaired of her retrieving the errors of her discipline, by virtue of that regenerating power which her origin and destination invested her with. That so many deserted her from motives of genuine piety, is proved by the fact, that they returned in such large numbers to their old faith, as soon as they became sensible of the new not being that purified faith which had been promised to them.

Now man is not that unconnected atom tossed at the mercy of a whirlpool, without a past or future, and with no other aim in life but the utmost enjoyment of the present, that the modern philanthropists proclaim him to be, in order to make the credulous their tools. A deep principle of reciprocal liability runs through the whole history of the human race. Each human being receives a mental legacy from his forefathers, from the past, and transmits it to his progeny, the future; if it be for good, a blessing arises from it; if it be for evil, a curse. This legacy each is obliged to accept, even as he receives the name that distinguishes him, as the personal peculiarities of his ancestors. Thereby he is enabled to enter the beautiful living community of the race he belongs to,

by whom he is warned against confining himself in dull and selfish ignorance to his own time or his own individuality, and whose admonitions should make him cautious, faithful, and wise in the application and use of his inheritance, so that his grand-children may not be left to sit in dry cisterns and want for water, in empty coffers and want for gold, and instead of a staff of support, to find nothing to lean on but a broken cane ; in one word, to be obliged to endure the punishment for what he has perpetrated. Our forefathers sat in judgment over the holy church, but who sits in judgment over us? Jan Bockold and his companions. We must accept the sad inheritance ; we must do penance for the guilt of our forefathers, voluntary or involuntary ! We are compelled to do penance ; pride and love of enjoyment, those sources of all evil, must come down to sit in dust and ashes. Blessed is he to whom God has given the grace to do it voluntarily ! Then he does it out of love, and love reconciles the justice of God, and overcomes the hatred, the resistance, the blindness of the age. Out of love Christ undertook to suffer on the cross. He has said, “follow me !” Then let us hang ourselves upon the cross, with all the pride of our nature, and its lust for pleasures, whether of a refined order, or coarse and brutal,—let us follow him. Luther has said,—“If any reproaches you by saying, what Christ has done and not done—let them speak ! A mortal

has said it, and he is equal to yourself." Jan Bockold made a like discovery, that he was in every way as good as Luther.

The holy church withdrew her all-fertilizing stream from her deserters, and the human supports which in the commencement were so willingly brought forward to the aid of Protestantism, are, in the short space of three hundred years, worm-eaten and decayed. It resigned order, unity and organization, in order to attain its existence; but, behold! it is soon proved that without these conditions nothing can manage to obtain a positive existence, only a negative one. The land of Egypt recurs to me, where the desert appears in every spot that is not watered by a canal from the Nile. But the desert in Germany? with our civilization, our refinement, our railroads, our astounding intellectual and industrious productions? The temples and pyramids of Egypt are equally astounding, and hinder not the desert from continually advancing, or that man is condemned to be parched to death there. We have lived a long time in the desert, dragging out a miserable existence; and it may have appeared very extraordinary, and might have made us attentive to the chances for the future, that—but to speak no longer figuratively! all those places are become deserts from which Christianity has receded. Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, the whole of the north coast of Africa, the whole of the

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south and east shore of the Mediterranean sea, once so rich in blooming landscapes, in large wealthy towns, in civilization and commerce, in learning and science, they are all deserts or swamps, inimical to man, and the settlements of man, since the time when Christianity was compelled to retreat before the advances of Islam. And has any one the courage to expect more from the abstract theories and communistic systems which now endeavour to drive Christianity from the face of the earth, than from the devastating influence of Islamism? I think not!

But here, perhaps, some one may advance, that in Catholic Germany, as well as in the whole Catholic world, the state of things is not an atom better than in the Protestant; that there is not a hair's difference between them. This assertion admits not of being superficially answered; for that which skims and drives over the surface of life, is not to be taken as the standard of what lies beneath—least of all, when one keeps the eye on certain circles of society, or certain political anomalies, where one sees the same love of splendour, luxury, and enjoyment, distinguishing the higher classes of all lands, and the immature views about the welfare or misery of races and nations rendering themselves equally apparent everywhere. Principles, and not persons, are the criterion for forming an estimate of the different churches. In the present advanced stage of civilization, which is a strange mixture of the expe-

rience, knowledge, and science of so many centuries with the eccentric and over-wrought desires of the morbid present, the individual enjoys the very doubtful privilege, which he values so highly, of standing in almost electric contact with the mental emanations of the age; an idea that takes birth in the Pyrenees, flies with the rapidity of lightning over the Carpathian hills; a discovery made on the coast of the Mediterranean is published on the shores of the Baltic and Arctic Ocean almost immediately. That which occurs in Paris, is imitated throughout Europe within three days; and any thing remarkable happening in the East Indies, California, or the Brazils, is heard of amongst us in the short space of a few weeks. Under the overwhelming influence of the innumerable means offered for the cultivation of the mind, the education of the individual is liable to suffer greatly, and, in spite of its multiformity, is sadly deficient when the mind is not strengthened to encounter the flood by certain fixed principles being implanted there, and a standard of excellence formed after those principles are given; if that be neglected, the individual loses his natural independence, and becomes a product of the spirit of the age, which finds its stage of action in the political and fashionable circles of the period; in those circles man loses his individuality and melts into the great mass—is covered over with the same varnish of imperfect refinement, and partakes of the existence of

the great polypus, that knows nothing of real independence, elevation, or holiness of life. But in the church, the principles of a holy existence are to be found, because she, according to the divine appointment, was intended to be the teacher of mankind, she has shown herself capable of fulfilling that important office in past ages and in the present, and she must be the instructor of the future. Not in vain has she been denominated the holy church ; she is holy in the truths she teaches, in the sacraments she dispenses, and in her great saints, to which every period can bear witness ; and she is holy in the holy cultivation of men's minds, in that blessed education which she imparts to all her children.

He who refuses to obey her, becomes unholy, and falls into the great Babylonian confusion ; and he more than any other, who having belonged to her, ungratefully deserts her, shuts his ears to her holy doctrines, and destroys the heavenly portion which was given to his childhood and youth ; he must oppose her with more sinful violence than the person whose ears have never listened to her mandates, and who has entered life without receiving the heavenly portion. But among the members in the communion of the faithful who subject themselves in beloved obedience to their directors and teachers, there are many of such sanctified souls as can be found in no other confession, because in all other confessions the



essence of holiness, a supernatural life, is entirely unknown. One must instigate a profound research into the condition of morals and manners amongst the various classes of society which constitute the separate churches, in order to be able to answer the assertion alluded to, with the earnest clearness that it demands. Unfortunately, one sees at first sight only the half of the case, and in the present day the greater part of the world are so luke-warm and indifferent, that they hold themselves neutral to all confessions. Then, again, there are many Protestants, who, without knowing it, and many who are well aware of it, have become half Catholics, and, on the other hand, there are a number of Catholics who are half Protestants, so that there never was a time when it was more necessary than now to divide the different principles distinctly from each other, that is, for those to whom it appears to be a matter of importance to discover where the seeds of life or death really lie. In as far as the principle of life, sanctifying grace, is to be considered at home only in the Catholic church, no doubt can prevail on the subject; and it may be regarded as certain, that a strict examination into the external relations of life would result in proving the superiority of the Catholic religion. That not merely Catholic individuals, but Catholic states, have unhappily imbibed too much of the spirit of Protestantism, the history of the eighteenth century testifies,

and it was that spirit which lamed her educational influence on the people, and drove her glorious tendencies here to stagnation—there to revolution. When the church feels herself free, she will again resume her office of instructor, and, as in the olden days, undertake the teaching of the barbarians, and the dissemination of Christian morals. But to go hand in hand in her work with the absolutism of state governments is not her vocation, and absolute power has been as much sought after by the Catholic as the Protestant princes. In the same way, a disregard and forgetfulness of the faith has been equally convenient to the selfish interests of the Catholic nobility, and the efforts of envy and jealousy to the Catholic citizens; lastly, the frivolous overvaluing of a showy and empty education has flattered the vanity of the so-called enlightened minds: and these threaten the security of Catholicism, in the same degree as Jan Bockold did the existence of Protestantism. But this advantage the Catholics have over the Protestants, their priesthood forms a shield of sanctity in defence of the doctrines of the church, for the tradition of Christian martyrdom is still kept alive by them, and from martyrdom arises a regenerating power for the idea, or the cause, or the faith for which men have suffered. The Protestants have no martyrs. When one reads in the history of the French revolution of 1789, the accounts of the frightful persecutions

with which the priesthood were followed, because they refused to perjure themselves and give their sanction to the revolution, because they remained true to their posts, faithful in the cure of souls ; when one reads how they were butchered, confined in Bagnos, thrown on desert islands, subjected to tortures, compared to which the guillotine would have been a mercy, and this, not one single individual, nor ten, nor twenty, but hundreds ! thousands ! one can look fearless into the future. Even in the most sunken times the church has had her martyrs, and they have gained in the cause of God.

And to this very hour—where are they ? two generations have passed away since 1789 ! where are they, these martyrs ? I will tell you where.

I spent the winter of that year of shame, 1848, in the revolutionized cities of Palermo and Naples. The revolutionists had prepared their work there as elsewhere ; that is, they had exclaimed and protested so furiously against all that stood in their way, and every thing that was opposed to their views—they invented and published such falsehoods, calumnies, and nonsense, that the bewildered crowd at last believed them ; they directed all their plans against the one hated point—and there, as every where else, the authorities were frightened.

On the 11th of March I stood in the balcony of my house on St. Lucia, and looked down upon the

stormy bay, whose waves dashed their foaming surge against the quay. I waited for the ship that was to leave the harbour and take me away. The King of Naples, frightened by the rebels, who formed a mob of a few hundred shouting madmen, had, on the previous day, given orders to the fathers of the society of Jesus to leave the town within twenty-four hours. Without any cause, any reproach, any examination or any sentence of judgment having been passed against them, they were commanded to leave—and it was their ship that I awaited. At last it came, the little steam-boat, and crept slowly along the coast, struggling with difficulty against the unruly waters. The fathers stood on the deck, the solemn black figures close to each other, and looking as calmly into the uncertain future as on the infuriated rabble: they had resigned their convent, and the hopes connected with it, with as much equanimity as they went over the stormy sea into their banishment. The sight was wonderfully majestic, as pressed together like slaves, to the number of 115, they stood on the confined space allowed them, and went off as peacefully as if they were going on a tour of pleasure to Capri or Ischia. They were banished from all the revolutionized countries of Europe about the same time, and no doubt from the same laudable motives. A Jesuit ! un Capellone ! as they were called in Italy, from the large hats they wore—the very name was enough to

excite the mob to hunt them as wild beasts, to persecute them as poisonous reptiles, and yet they walked on through the crowd as men who knew they were strangers on earth, but in the service of God. They have the blood of martyrs in their veins, and that it was not then shed was not the merit of their enemies. On the evening of that same day, the lazaroni, driven to rage and despair to see 1,200 of their children thrown orphanless and helpless upon the world, for the fathers had taken the children of the lazaroni to educate, got up an emeute. The emeute of the lazaroni took a different turn from that of the revolutionists ; they were fired on, some fell, and the affair was over ; and the schools of the town, that were almost all supported by the Jesuits, were left uncared for.

The possessor of the villa that we inhabited, some weeks after, in Sorrento, informed us that one of the revolutionary emissaries came to them about the same time that we left Naples, with the joyful news that the " black vermin " had been driven out of the kingdom, and that the inhabitants of Sorrento should take care to do the like, and not allow them to infest the land any longer, but to contrive to drive them out before they could have time to collect their treasures. The Sorrentine people are an industrious, honest race, by no means opposed to the Jesuits, who carried out their useful vocation there in the education of the young ; but some worthless characters

were to be found amongst the lower orders ; and as the doctrine of the revolutionists was so completely the doctrine of villains, the before-mentioned emissary found a warm encouragement amongst them. They produced a riot, and swore vengeance against all Sorrentò, until at length the peaceable inhabitants went to the fathers, and entreated them to leave the town, which, on their account, was threatened with fire and sword. "We did it with tears in our eyes," said the relater. The fathers ordered a boat and left their home and Sorrento, without any further preparation. The mass of the covetous and curious rioters rushed into the house, with the hope of finding treasures. What did they discover ? The plainest and commonest of furniture, and the maccaroni that was designed for that day's dinner. The relater said that the emissary was quite astonished, and almost touched to see it ; but that I disbelieve—those emissaries are too good performers not to be able to affect astonishment.

Now that the revolutionary storm has abated for a while, the fathers of the society of Jesus have returned to their houses, where they have been permitted to do so, to try if they can succeed in strewing some good seeds amongst the weeds that spring up so plentifully ; of course, with the full knowledge that they may, to-morrow or the next day, if the revolution should break out afresh, be compelled to fly

again from their hunters and persecutors. This enduring love for the cure of souls, which shuns no work, no efforts, and is ever ready to make any sort of sacrifice—and to receive nothing from the world in return, but calumny and hatred—that is a good school for preparing for martyrdom.

At that time, on the 13th of March, I wrote to a friend of mine in Dresden:—

“ Ah, they are happy, those men! they live for an undying, glorious idea—for the moral power of the Catholic church; and if Europe should refuse to give shelter to them, they will seek out some other quarter of the globe for their labours. I have always felt the greatest veneration for the Jesuits, and, now that radicalism persecutes them with such furiousness and hatred, I begin to love them, because I see their unshaken phalanx must be the most inimical enemy to radicalism, to be able to excite that deadly hatred.”

Then, I was only capable of understanding their social importance; their religious signification I could not comprehend. A church, that for three hundred years has been possessed of an order whose sons are brought up for martyrdom, has in them an invincible army of faithful soldiers, which must ever carry new health and blessing wherever they come. Whether they keep schools for little children, or direct the education of youth, or preach to men of riper years—whether they undertake the civilization of the wild races of distant lands, or the savages of Europe—

whether they labour in the sweat of their brow here, or in the spilling of their blood there—their doctrine falls upon the dry and barren soil like a May shower, giving to it new prolific strength, to receive the seed of the divine word, and make it spring up in fresh shoots. After they had recovered a part of Europe from the great apostacy, by their labours in the sixteenth century, the eighteenth rewarded them for their heroic exertions by the basest ingratitude. The order was abolished, was denied the right of existence. For forty years the society of Jesus was not acknowledged, but it was not dissolved. When Pope Pius VII. revoked the decree of Clemens XIV., 1773, the society did not form itself anew, it was already there; it lived, although silent;—the nineteenth century wanted them as much as the sixteenth; therefore they were not to be destroyed. Again a great apostacy takes place, and the Jesuits are once more on the scene of combat!

Again blasphemous doctrines of disorder and confusion are strewed amongst the darkened and infatuated race of man, and once more the Jesuits are to be found preaching the doctrine of Catholic unity. And what, in the meantime, has become of Luther's doctrine? Transformed, remodelled, mixed with other ideas, here doubted, there disbelieved, without foundation or roof, its own principles endangered by its own contradictions, born of the subjective belief of one individual, it is undermined not by the objec-



tive disbelief of a single individual, but of thousands, millions,—without steadiness, because it has no positive authority—without support, because the ever-changing circumstances of the political world are no longer so favourable to it as they were—has the entire history of the development of man ever presented a picture of such monstrous confusion? It always reminds me of the Indian divinity, which appears anxiously to stretch out a hundred arms at once, to catch at something;—for a divinity it is enough to stretch out one arm. Oh, if there was not so much sad indifference introduced into the mass of Protestants, by the inefficiency of their doctrines—if they had not, for the long course of three hundred years, been accustomed to restrict themselves with their religious wants to a few ideas; the wild and contending confusion of Protestantism would make them tremble. But each will say, that has nothing to do with me! The orthodox Protestant—if there still exist any!—adds, for I have the Holy Scriptures. The Rationalist, for I have my reason. The Pietist, for I have my chapel. The Pantheist, for I have nature. The class, for which I have no name, but to which I once belonged, for I have God. Oh, when, when, O God, wilt thou speak thy *fiat lux* over this chaos? Abstract philosophy and communistic systems will not hear it.

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WHEN I went to Italy, it was the art of the middle ages, far more than the antique, which attracted me, although I have a decided preference for sculpture, because I find in the still quietude of the statue, a certain immovable and melancholy peace, which is always soothing to me: in painting, one seldom finds this—because the perfect harmony between colour and drawing is a very rare combination. The art of the middle ages, in their cathedrals and pictures, such as one has no idea of in Germany, enchanted me. There were moments when I thought the old Florentine masters, such as Fiesole, Lorenzo di Credi, Sandro Botticelli, superior to Raphael, from the inexpressible devotion, divine fervour, and spiritual beauty, that beamed from their works—from the intensity of faith and devotion that surrounded them with a sort of glory. I recognised the mighty religious element which had given birth to them; but I thought it had died a natural death, or, at least, was almost dead.

The ceremonies of the Catholic church made any thing but an agreeable impression on me; partly because I did not understand them, and partly because all worldly splendours leave me perfectly unmoved; and thirdly, because the holy season of Easter in Rome is profaned by a conflux of strangers, who treat it as a theatrical show. I could not reach the

kernel, and remained clinging to the shell, and thought its pomp empty and devotionless. Perhaps one reason lay in the expectation of finding so much devotion, and the fact of bringing so little ; and, certainly, another reason was, the dreadful tumult that disturbed the most sacred places. It made me quite gloomy—so much so, that on Easter Sunday I did not go to St. Peter's, from whence the holy father gives his blessing to the city and to the whole world ; but I fled to the loneliness of St. Maggiore. It always struck me that the holy was not holily treated. I felt the same in Naples, at the liquification of the blood of St. Januarius ; I went a believer in the miracle, I returned a disbeliever. I forget in what terms I have spoken of all that in my "Letters from beyond the Alps," but I fear I have spoken of it with superficial presumption.

The Protestants grow up in the belief of the Catholic church having retained in herself an entire world of erroneous and ridiculous dogmas, which the clearer judgment and better knowledge of the last three hundred years have put aside, and, consequently, they cannot refrain from a sort of contempt of her. They know not what it is they despise, for they have not examined her dogmas ; but they speak, in a general way, of Catholicism as if it were a thing to be slighted. They stand "beyond the truth," and that makes the perception of it so difficult. Jews,

and heathens, and Mahometans, have never had it ; the sun has not arisen on them ; but they look towards the east, and may see it arise, whereas the Protestants have left it behind them. To advance is easier than to retreat, for retreat is humiliating. But I was not humble. I had so little respect for Luther, as the founder of a religion, that I said in one of my works, I think it was in the " Letters from beyond the Alps"—" He who rejects the infallibility of a papal bull, has no right to uphold the infallibility of the Confession of Augsburg." But, notwithstanding that the sun was behind me, no church ever appeared so sublime, so free in my eyes, as the *one* church. There were moments when I felt a great respect for Luther's undaunted courage in advancing against both Pope and emperor, against church and state ; his energy and intrepidity commanded my admiration ; and I think it may be the same case with many other Protestants, who dwell with pleasure on great examples of courage and power, and hence overlook the end and cause which they maintained and combatted for. A general, who has broken his oath of allegiance, and with a part of his army has turned traitor to his king, is dishonoured. Ah ! how often has the God of mercy seen those oaths that were made to him treated with less respect than those made to an earthly king, particularly when, as in Luther's case, a temporal end was gained by it.

When I was in Spain, at the conclusion of the civil war, which was followed by Espartero's regency, I saw no external sign of its old attachment to the faith. The convents were laid waste, or turned to profane uses; the churches were only resorted to by women; and in the cathedral of Seville, operatic airs were performed on the organ. Whether or not that was only a temporary indifference, produced by the previous political excitements, I know not! but this I know, that in Spain I made but one Catholic acquaintance—Murillo! and that I not only comprehend that fact now, but understood it then. He is the painter of the dogmas of the church; the saints, the ecstasies, the visions, which are the stars in the unfathomable firmament of Catholicism. In my opinion, he stands alone amongst the artists of the Christian era. The Florentine and Umbrian masters painted the saints as if they had descended from heaven upon earth. Murillo painted mortals who also ascend as saints from earth to heaven, and therefore I call him the painter of the dogmas of the Catholic church, for his figures are neither ideal or classic creations, that have nothing to do with pain and sorrow, or the atmosphere of this world; they are mortals, that have become saints through the grace of the sacraments. Thus the holy bishop of Villanueva, St. Thomas, the vision of St. Felix of Cantalizio, and St. Francis receiving the stigmas, are pictures which are

unequalled in art. Oh! those suffering, but glorified mortals, exalted so far above me by their sanctification, so near to me through their sufferings—they now rise in lively remembrances before me, and seem to ask—How couldst thou understand that? thou hadst no knowledge then of the sacraments and their sanctifying power! No, I knew nothing of all that, nothing of the mother of God, to whom the church prays: *Mater divinæ gratiæ, ora pro nobis*; nothing of the pure conception of the Blessed Virgin; I knew nothing! But Murillo knew it, believed it; and when a great and sublime faith is pointed out by a great and sublime genius in impressive beauty, it must produce a sensation in one who regards beauty as a revelation of the divine, as I did.

But to go back to the source from which this extraordinary genius had been nurtured, never entered my head. It seems to me now, that I fancied the dogmas of Catholicism were no longer so pure as in those days and in the land of Murillo. I did not know that the Catholic church was immutable, invariable, enduring through all ages, even if a world had deserted her. I could not conceive it, because I had grown up in the midst of Protestantism, which reckons the existence of its dogmas according to years, and childishly fancies it has made a breach in the impregnable fortress of Catholicism, which altered the very ground it stands on. Thus, I thought it was

no longer what it had been in Murillo's time, and it was a mournful thought to me, because I concluded it could no longer put forth its Murillos. Oh, I knew not what I now know, that its dogmas are unaltered, but the souls are no longer there to receive them as they did. An enervating sirocco has passed over the world, and the human race has been degenerating for ages. Man has raised two idols to bow down to—Mammon, with its train of sensuality, luxury, hard-heartedness, and covetousness—intellect, with its crowd of worshippers, who strive after superficial knowledge and false refinement, and are actuated by a passion for criticising and analysing, by an immeasurable pride of mind, and a reckless frivolity in the consideration of moral and religious questions. This idolatry began in England in the eighteenth century, it passed over to France, and Germany was not backward in imitating it. The sound nationality of the English character, the great political life of the nation, with the hard struggles she had to endure in the latter part of the last century,—then Pitt's grand genius in rendering his country the bulwark of liberty, by opposing, with all the firmness of a high and powerful mind, the tide of the revolution and the power of Napoleon—all that combined, saved England from the abyss into which France has fallen, and in which Germany lies. A frightful slough of materialism covers the whole continent of Europe,

and on such a soil there can be no healthy development of the human race, for health requires that the soul of man be in a good condition ; and that is impossible, when her highest faculties are left unused, and her lowest devoted to the worship of Mammon, and the valuing of intellect above all things. The highest faculties of the soul can only be brought into play by faith and the works of love. They are allowed to rust ; and we see the consequences. The tendency of materialism is negation of all, and its fruit is hatred, which is a negation of love. With such elements nothing can be created, nothing produced ; they can only destroy ; and as they carry about with them the consciousness of their impotence, they become wild with rage, and in their operations display their envy of power. But impotence has never conquered a world ! whenever it has fancied that the enslaved, paralysed, enervated world was in its power—behold ! salvation was at hand ; a new word has been uttered over her, like that which called forth creation ; and ever has it called forth love ! Love must and will overcome the evils of the present time ; and, like the saint who fought with the dragon until it curled as a worm under his feet, love will conquer with the cross the materialism of the age. Can any one doubt it who listens to the unceasing cry of pain, that, like a gigantic echo, resounds from one breast to the other ? It is a moaning, that reminds one of



the lamenting voices the mariner heard on the Mediterranean sea, on that day which saw the birth of the Saviour. "The mighty Pan is dead!" they cried, so sad, so hopelessly. But because the lamentation finds no universal tone, because it expresses itself in the deepest melancholy here, as the wildest fury there, in the form of unutterable yearning on the one side, of reckless defiance on the other, now in wild despair, then in bitter mockery, therefore is it the more appalling! Ancient Rome beheld her Gods fall,—yes, but then she knew they were but shadows. The Christian world must come to a knowledge of having forsaken God, must do penance for the apostacy from the truth of revelation. This apostacy, like the fall of Adam, has so weakened her will, and veiled her perceptions, that she cannot come to a resolution to return like the prodigal son and confess her error, although she secretly acknowledges she must and will do it. She has to undergo the struggle between constraint and resistance, and whilst she undergoes it, intellectual orgies and bacchanalian songs surround her. Oh, great will be the deliverance that follows such intense struggles and pains; for the cross still stands on Golgotha, and shines clearer, brighter, as the earth is shaded in its own darkness. From these struggles there must arise great and energetic souls, capable of seizing the substance of revelation, and of bearing it within them.

If they once more paint pictures in its honour, like Murillo, or renew and temper mankind by the potency of an ascetic life, like Theresa, or collect a valiant army to defend the faith, like St. Ignatius of Loyola; the same love of the cross lived in them all, and that love alone can overcome the age. Here I have given the names of three Spaniards; involuntarily I have collected them under my pen, but there is a signification in it; for a people that have but one word for to love and to will—querer—must be able to generate great characters and energetic souls. To that we must arrive, if not in our language in our hearts—love and will must unite. In order to effect this union, both must exalt themselves to the utmost height they are capable of attaining to God; in God they are one; and in all that is not God, they separate from each other, and call forth a discord in the soul, which makes man miserable.

At length I went to the Orient, ever animated by the same desire of seeing the world as the Creator had formed it, or as man had moulded it to his uses. Oh, would I had wandered as a pilgrim thither! how much more should I have enjoyed it. But as it was, my enjoyment of it was very great. The majestic tranquillity of the East seemed to enfold me in its arms, and remove me from the bustle and confusion of the Occident into the grand and sublime stillness which was broken only by the distant voices of the

prophets. The Bible was my constant companion, and I look upon the preference I felt for the books of the Old Testament as characteristic of the state of my soul at that period. My constant study was the prophets, and they are seldom read by the children of the world. I was never tired of reading Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the Psalms, just as if I had been waiting for the fulfilment of their promises. I had not then received the saving light of revelation, and so I could do no other than sit at the feet of the prophets who announced its coming. Those words of Isaiah, in which Jehovah speaks to his people: "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine," (xliii. 1) which had always fallen upon my soul and brightened her with a ray of I know not what of heavenly comfort, now they took possession of her. When I read in Jeremiah (xxxi. 3,) "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore have I drawn thee," I fancied I was sitting under the willows by the waters of Babylon, awaiting the return to Zion. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love!" Oh, the soul of man can never, never forget those words! she may raise the most glorious altars for the worship of her idols, she may erect magnificent temples over them, she may do homage to the objects of her idolatry with the most ardent devotion, and surround them with all that the wide creation can provide, of things to see, to contemplate, to wonder, or admire—she

can lose herself in the majesty and loveliness of nature, in the charm and fulness of art, in the mysterious depths of the human heart—and whatever she may do, there is always a living something within her, for which she has no definition, to which she can give no name—and that is the thirst after salvation. Oh, that veiled star, which every backslider carries in his breast, emits sometimes a light so brilliant, that every other light vanishes into darkness before it. It seemed to me at such moments as if I had held in my hands a holy chalice, filled with an insipid draught, which I tried to persuade myself was nectar, but which desecrated the cup, and could not quell my thirst. I turned away from it with disgust, with such abhorrence, that I could have flung a world out of my hands. But the veil fell again over the star, and I became, as I had been, animated with the enthusiasm of fulfilling what I conceived to be my vocation, and resigned to accept the mournful melancholy which was inseparable from it, and which must, in moments of inactivity or lassitude, come over a soul so restless as mine. “I have loved thee with everlasting love!” these words, I thought, are written upon the hearts of all men—they bring them into the world with them, as a remembrance, a warning, and a foreboding, to remind them of their heavenly origin, and their heavenly destination. Ah, we inscribe other words over them, which almost obliterate the

holy writing, or render it illegible. But all our passions and our follies, all our sorrowful or joyful affections, roll with their cries of jubilation or mourning, their triumphs and their humiliations, their boundless yearnings and their despairing disappointments over the inscription, and yet—destroy it not. In the midst of pains and sorrows, in the exuberance of joy, in the deepest contemplation, in the anxiousness of despair, those words appear as glances of heavenly spirits, as voices from a better world, and a tone reverberates in the soul, whose meaning we scarcely understand, nor do we know from whence it comes, but we listen to it with a sort of ecstatic pleasure, and say, yes! yes!—that is it! that is what I mean, that is what I want! All that I have gained besides, is nothing! that, that alone is what I have ever longed for, ever struggled to attain! that is it! But instead of following it up with the will in full sail, instead of courageously taking advantage of the temporary clearness of our perceptions, to pass over the stormy sea, we fall back weak and sleepy into the old habits of seeking our comforts and distractions; and, at the furthest, hope the time may bring more light and clearness to the soul. And thus time passes over in lamentable relaxation—until, at length, a moment comes, when the heart is thrown by the hand of God into a fire of purification, whose flames are so irresistible, that they burn and consume

all, all, leaving nothing visible amongst the dross and ashes, but the diamond which no fire can destroy. "I have loved thee with everlasting love ; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

Yes, thus is it for all ! Oh, believe me—for all of us ! There is no exception and no medium ; the thirst after salvation gives us no rest. It is the end of all ! Ah, misery ! that it is not the beginning of all !

It is the agony which throws the world into convulsions, makes it groan and cry. And because I have felt the pang in all its vehemence, I recognise the cry. I hear it everywhere, overpowering all other sounds ; here in stifled moans, there in wailing sobs. Hear ye it not ? Oh, yes ; ye hear it likewise, it is around ye—it arises from your very midst. And can ye fancy those sounds to be the cry for bread, for I know not what—of earthly comfort, for perishable institutions, the crutches of external life ? Never, never ! It may disguise itself, deceive itself and others ; but it avails not. That unspeakable and restless longing for something unattained, is not produced by a want of food, or the imperfection of the laws of man ; it is the cry of pain which the soul gives utterance to whilst infidelity threatens to destroy her ; the soul resists death and sighs for redemption, which secures to her eternal life. Oh ! thou soul, who readest these lines, I know thee not, know not who thou art, or the name by which they call thee in thy earthly life ; but this I know,

thou yearnest for redemption—if thou dost not already rest in blessed security!—and therefore I implore thee, delay not—wait not so long as I waited before I threw myself on my knees before the beloved cross! Be stronger, better, more resolute than I was, and stay not so long in the bondage of Babylon. Jerusalem is before thee. Oh, come, come hither! Thou sittest so mournfully there by the waters, watching them as they glide so stealthily away, like thine own existence, which is mute and empty; for thy harp hangs upon the willows, mute and empty; and if the glories of a world combined to fill it, arise, O soul! and come hither. Jerusalem is thy native home, and will receive thee with undying love; for one redeemed soul is dearer to Jerusalem than thrones and crowns, or the treasures of the whole earth. Is it not bliss, O soul, to have a home where they set so high a price on thee, and where thou must set the same high price on others? Behold! that love of souls is the sign of the one true church, she loves the souls of men as Christ did, she offers salvation to all. Oh! where canst thou find such love in Babylon?

Beautiful is the Orient; ah, very beautiful! particularly there, where ocean and mountain combine to make up the glorious picture. On Lebanon, for instance, or the coast of Syria, from Bairout to Mount Carmel. Whether it was from the reminiscences connected with it, or the pictures and images with which

I animated the landscape, or the biblical interest it possessed, or the remembrances it awakened of the patriarchs and prophets—I know not; suffice it to say, I found an inexpressible sublimity in the whole character of the east, in comparison with which the civilization and refinement of Europe sunk into insignificance. But I was too thoroughly a daughter of the Occident, not to have absorbed its restlessness and indefatigable energy in my own being; but as all makes a deep and strong impression on me, I was equally ready to receive the contrast, which the Orient presented to me, in its character of immutability. Thus I was enabled to unite, in my own life, the opposite extremes, rest and motion, to absorb the contrasts in myself, and that was what I required to penetrate universal life. One side, one view, was not sufficient for me, it did not exhaust life, led but one way, or at the best but in and around the circle. But to take the two extremes, and bring them together in one point, where they could touch without paralyzing each other—that was delight! I panted for freedom, but not the freedom of an unconnected atom; I longed for rest, but not inaction. I wished to achieve one victorious combat, and then yield a willing submission. This insatiableness of spirit has been at once the blessing and the curse of my life. The curse—as long as I craved for something beyond what I possessed, and stretched out my hands to feel for it, but grasped not the one eternal good, but wearing out my strength in unavail-



ing efforts, like the Danäides; blessing — because it has led me on until I found an inexhaustible source, an eternal Being who can satisfy all my longings. In the church, and only there, is an immeasurable arena opened for the development of all the faculties of man. There he can exercise his soul in love and faith, in faith and works, in the steeling of the will, and the perfect submission to the motions of divine grace, in the use of perfect liberty, and in self-chosen subordination. There man must be responsible for himself and his actions, but in relying on the support of divine mercy. This arena is the only one that is spacious enough for the struggles of man, for it is the only one in which all his powers can be brought into play, applied, stimulated, animated. And necessarily so! for it has been appointed and prepared for him by God, and none but the Creator knows all the wants of the creature. In all confessions without the pale of the church, the arena on which man enters is small and confined as the views of the founder have thought proper to make it; consequently, thousands are condemned to perish there, from a want of air and motion. This has given rise to innumerable fresh sects, as well as to the vast number who keep themselves aloof from all sects and confessions, as I did. And often, very often, it is just the best part of their being, which finds neither encouragement nor protection there, and hence is obliged to be withdrawn from it.

But no one ever left the church to find a nobler, more extensive sphere for the exercise of his virtues, his excellencies, or any other good qualities. In my case it was the mixture of good and bad that made me disaffected to the Lutheran confession ; a certain consistency of intellect, and the sincerity of my character, were both repulsed by the web of contradictions I discovered in it ; whilst, on the other hand, pride, an immoderate estimate of myself, and a very secondary thirst after independence, rendered me incapable of perceiving the portion of good that the web might contain ; and now, I thank God on my knees, that I could not ! for what might I now be, if my soul had allowed her strength to be crippled in conforming to any of those confessions ? Through her insatiable appetites she penetrated through thorns and briars to reach the *rosa mystica* ; and that very insatiableness rendered her so indifferent to bodily comforts. A piece of bread, a slice of cheese, a draught of water from the well, eight or ten hours on horseback, and then to sleep at night under a tent in the midst of an encampment, around which the dogs barked and the jackals screamed—all this was easy enough for me, yes, even gave me pleasure, when it occurred in the course of my journey.

In the Orient, I felt sorry, for the first time, that I was not a Catholic. Previously, although I had often thought it must be very agreeable to belong to

the church, it was always with the idea of having been born in her, but nothing further. Now, that I found so hospitable a reception in all the convents, and contemplated the lives of the humble men who had left Italy and Spain, and learnt the Oriental language, to come over there and dedicate their lives to the instruction of little children and the care of pilgrims ;—now that I beheld the Catholic church in her glory, that is, in love, in poverty, I began to love her ; and as one always desires to be united with the object of one's love, and a conversion being entirely beyond the circle of my ideas, I began to grieve about it. In the convent of Mount Carmel more particularly ! A wonderful air of sanctity seems to surround that place, an ideal peace hovers over it, such as I never felt elsewhere. The coast of Sorrente, the plains of Granada and Palermo, are in reality more beautiful, more luxurious and prolific—but they bear not the stamp of heavenly peace, like that convent which stands on the promontory, that looks as if it had emerged with it from the waves, where it seems suspended between ocean and heaven, as if it had nothing to do with earth. I was there towards the end of the month of October, 1843, and from thence I wrote some of the letters that were afterwards published in my “ Journey to the Orient ;” they led many Protestants to conclude I had become

a Catholic, and many Catholics to believe I should become one. With my talent for forgetting all that I have written, I remember nothing more than the last lines :—" Israel, to thy tents !" After a lapse of six years, I again wrote, in the end of October 1849, " Israel, to thy tents !" and then I knew full well what I meant by it.

On Mount Carmel it was not yet clear to me ! an intense yearning filled my breast, but I thought the element, whose powerful and restless waves I felt within me, could seek and find no shore but eternity. I knew nothing of the church, neither in her foundation stone, which is the Redeemer—nor in her dogmas which he taught—nor in the idea which she diffuses, in which time and eternity melt into each other. I knew her only in her external appearance ; and that I liked, because it coincided with my ideal of heavenly love, which I had ever carried within me as the veiled picture of a saint ; and so I began to love her, but I must acknowledge with a sort of blind love, or, perhaps I may say, with real love ; I did not exactly know why ! and it lasted a long time before I knew ! but as it lasted so long, that love had time to strengthen itself in science, until it grew much stronger than I myself supposed.

Well, in the East it dawned on me, as the red light of morning that was destined to be again lost in the clouds of rising day ; in Jerusalem, for instance,

the contests and squabbles between the Greek, Armenian, and Latin (thus they call the Catholic) church, made so painful an impression on me that I thought a hundred times, it is impossible to wish to belong to either of these churches! I continued to regard human actions, and human imperfection as the legitimate symbol of the doctrine, its real expression; so deeply was I sunk in the belief of a subjective view of religion, that I concluded the church had entered into the being of each of her members, and was entirely realised in every individual. I was still far from the idea of changing my religion! for I could not have been satisfied with a change for something better or more beautiful—I longed for perfection—and knowledge is required to see where it lies!

Sometimes I ask myself the question—Did my soul feel an instinct or foreboding in those days, that her entrance into the church was not to be the result of a more exalted view or better understanding of the meaning of life, but that a thorough uprooting and transplanting of life into another soil, would be followed by an absolute conversion; and if I resisted a conversion by refusing to collect the energies of my will? But I must answer, No—I could almost say, unfortunately, no! I was so self-satisfied, so satisfied with my mode of existence, with my path and aim in life; so certain that it was destined for me, and that the hand of God was over me—that the conception of

a reconciliation with God, a deep heart-rending repentance, a forgiveness of sins, a regeneration of life, never occurred to me. That man, taken in generic sense, had fallen from God, and that in each individual this fall had given birth to pride and a depraved will ; I received as settled, and applied it to myself. But for that, I thought, man is condemned to suffer so much, that at last he learns "to conform his will in all things to the will of God," as I expressed it. This was all very well to aim at, but I expected an impossibility when I placed such implicit confidence in the will of the unredeemed creature, when I believed that man in his natural state, unregenerated by grace, his nature weak, corrupt, perverted, abused, as it has been since the fall, could ever by his own strength, so spiritualise his will as to unite it to the will of God. But I did believe it, believed it and expected to attain it, with incredible confidence ; and that, not only seven years ago, but even a single year ago ! For after I had finally determined on entering the Catholic church, I had not the slightest idea of the thorough regeneration that was necessary for my soul. I was still too well pleased with myself, too self-satisfied. And that which drew me to the church was the thirst after truth, imperishable, eternal truth ; not a self-created idea of truth, changeable as my own feelings, passions, or sorrows. From the moment that I belonged to the church, I say, from

the moment, and I mean what I say to the letter, all was different! I had hungered and thirsted after truth, and now I stood in the centre of truth; I saw all by the light of truth, and above all, I beheld myself by that light! and was no longer satisfied with my own being. That was all over! The first step towards a conversion destroys the pleasure we take in contemplating ourselves, and for that I was quite unprepared. I had desired to attain a something I had never been possessed of, but that for attaining this I was to have my very nature altered, I, with inconceivable superficiality, never thought of. How could I have thought of it on Mount Carmel?

Then I was saddened to feel myself not belonging to the household of faith; so much is certain. I felt a strange timidity, too, about attending Mass, although I had the greatest wish to do so. I asked myself—what have I, a stranger, to do with this altar? And I knew not what took place there. I could not conceive the meaning of the holy sacrifice—and to ask? again the same timidity! which was the more extraordinary in me, because I never hesitated to ask questions about anything that I wanted to understand, and never considered it a shame to confess my ignorance. But a something mystic lay hidden in the holy sacrifice; and whether I was afraid of not being able to comprehend the explanation, or afraid of an explanation that might be unpleasant to listen to, I

know not; at all events, I never asked any one to explain it to me, and never attended the Mass during the whole time of my stay in the Orient. In Jerusalem, where I should have liked above all things to have had a Mass said at the tomb of Christ, like the rest of the travellers, I was deterred by the remembrance—thou art not of the household of the faith.

At that time an Anglican bishop had been sent to Jerusalem, on the part of the Protestant government of Europe, to protect the Protestant interests, and administer to the wants of the Protestants in Syria—which it is to be hoped he did. When I was in Jerusalem he was administering to the health of his nine children, who had been suffering from the attacks of fever, and the worthy man was staying with them near the sea-side, for the restoration of their strength. But if Jerusalem had been full of Anglican bishops, I should not have turned an eye towards them. I thought of other bishops, of St. Augustin, St. Charles Barromaus, Bossuet, and Fénelon—those sublime souls, great spirits, and noble hearts—those genuine descendants of the apostles—those glorious beings, who raised human life to a sphere, where the mind that delights in the ideal can find its gratification. Those were the bishops that I remembered. I knew them from their books, their actions, and their lives. I loved and respected, and admired them, be-



cause they were elevated far above mine, and the every-day life of man. In them I found a realisation of that perfection which reached the standard I had formed, and which, with my thirst after a something perfect, I ever carried in my hand to apply to all. Thus a bishop was my ideal of a human being. But what have the Anglican bishops to do with the ideal? They may be very conscientious and honourable men, and lead a most respectable life, but they have not raised themselves over the sphere of common life—they have not conquered the world and themselves, like the beloved St. Augustin.

The same may be applied to the Protestant missionaries, those gentlemen in black coats with wife and child. How can they preach to the heathens to forsake all and follow the cross! What have they forsaken? What have they sacrificed? And how can he be inspired with love for a thing, for which he has made no sacrifice? That cannot surely be denominated sacrifice, which is no more than the undertaking of a few laborious exercises, such toils as every journey must bring with it; or the dedication of a few hours in the day to the holy cause? after which the earthly comforts are diligently sought. No, the poor Franciscan monks in their cowls, and with their beggar's bags, who inhabit the poor convents that are strewn throughout Syria, from Ramla to Damascus, are another race of men! They have

made their sacrifice, the greatest that man can make, themselves ! and he who can do that—who can sacrifice the mighty I—can venture to exact it of others. They can ask it with a good conscience ; and he who asks it without this, can expect no result. These are my views of the subject, and not the views of to-day only ; oh, no ! In my “Letters from the Orient,” I have said a good deal about the striking contrast of the different churches, and I said it with that perfect freedom from prejudice which one must always have when one belongs to neither party. Not only were my perceptions so darkened in those days, that I was incapable of comprehending what was the real essence and vitality of the church, but my feelings and will had only hovered about her external form, and I continually repeated to myself :—Thou art a child of God, what dost thou want of a church ?

The good Franciscan monks were anything but Augustine figures ; but now it is a great pleasure to me to think, that even then I possessed the tact of soul, if I may be allowed to denominate it so, to discover the vast difference between them and the Protestant missionaries. But what was it that enabled me to feel it ? It was, as with Murillo ; I was a worshipper of the beautiful, and before its shrine one ray of divine truth had fallen on me, and penetrated to my soul :—I was a worshipper of the ideal, and of

those aspirations in the human breast which have an ideal aim—therefore I was deeply touched when I beheld a worship so purely ideal, in the garb of simplicity, humility, and plainness. For a creature like myself, who had unhesitatingly made her own person the centre of the universe, it was a something so wonderful, that it appeared almost superhuman to me, to behold human beings like myself, who had devoted their whole lives with such humble self-sacrifice and self-denial to the service of God. I thought it beautiful, nay, heavenly; but alas! alas! I did not draw the natural inference from it that would have applied to myself—I merely thought the Reformers were both brutal and unwise, to have abolished the use of convents.

Now I think it was not only brutal and unwise, but that they committed the most heinous sin against humanity. They thereby robbed man of his ideal of human perfection, and thus lamed the soul in her highest and noblest aspirations; in other words, they took from man the only aim for which it is worth while to live; for the apostate monk of Wittenberg, who had trampled on the ideal, it was natural enough to wish to destroy the belief in it, to destroy its existence if he could, in order that the earth might no longer bear witness to his shame. But that his adherents should have been insensible to the demoral-

ising effects of a doctrine that taught them to discard the ideal of human perfection as a chimera that was of no use ;—that the souls of men should have been so immersed in the grossness of the senses as to cast away the ideal with a feeling approaching to hatred ; is not that a sad thing for those who at a later period followed the Lutheran doctrine from the accident of birth rather than choice—that doctrine which has now poisoned the atmosphere of social life for upwards of three hundred years ?

Oh, with the apostate monk a whole series of destructive lessons were given to the world at once, or rather, they followed as necessary corollaries in the chain of his pernicious doctrine. Pride tempted him to apostatise, and self-will hardened him in his apostacy. He broke those holy and beautiful vows he had made to his God ; but he said :—No matter, I believe that Christ has shed his precious blood for me, and that I shall be saved by “ faith alone.” He dragged thousands after him into his rebellion against the church ; the whole army of innovators ; the short-sighted ; the weak and narrow-minded ; the vicious and malicious, to whom it is a pleasure to find stains upon the lily, or spots upon the sun ; the frail in faith, who in contemplating the faults and weak points of the church-militant upon earth, forget the perfection of the church triumphant in heaven ; the disobedient,

who are ever ready to shake off the reins that hold them ; the rude-minded, who cannot comprehend the justice and necessity of a powerful authority being invested in religion ; the sensualists, who were left uncalled on, to separate themselves either from God or their own propensities ; the hypocrites, to whom the words " faith alone " were welcome as a new sign to be erected over their doors ; in short, the whole night-side of human nature was magnetically attracted by the doctrine of Luther, and very naturally, for it was in honour of the night-side of human nature that he preached, whilst the church exhorts to an unceasing struggle against it. He took a wife in every way worthy of him ; the runaway nun was a fit companion for the apostate monk. Thus the measure of broken vows was filled, and the lower prerogatives of humanity found their broadest claims preferred and acknowledged. That marriage should lose its sacramental character by this mode of proceeding is easy to be understood—it was a necessary consequence ! No sacrament is administered to him who lives in a state of mortal sin. Luther knew how to help himself ; he disavowed the sacraments ! and thus eased his conscience of the guilt of desecrating the priestly orders ! And what marriage was to become when robbed of its sacramental dignity, it was reduced to a mere contract, which might be commenced by the heedless breaking of former vows, and

finished by wilful perjury—what was that to him ? —what was it to anybody?—"Faith alone makes perfect." But there were moments when he must himself have found it difficult to believe that. Ah, the unhappy man retained the remembrance of that pure, lovely, sublime, and consolatory doctrine, which he had rejected ! and in order to annihilate such a torturing reminiscence, and at the same time to strengthen himself in his open defiance of the church, he discarded the sacraments as the means of sanctification, disowned the grace which sanctifies, and the saints in whose lives grace worked and lived ; he rejected the faith in a possibility of rising, by the power of that grace which is accorded to man's free will, out of the filth of sin ;—he rejected all, all which the church offers to us for the benefit of our immortal souls. The Saviour said, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and to assist the soul in her struggles after perfection, he instituted the sacraments as the channels of grace ; and in order to draw the more highly-favoured still nearer to himself, he gave the evangelical precepts, and in the three vows they make to him, he receives the perfect offering of their whole being ; in the first, they sacrifice the world—in the second, they offer up to him their bodies and lives—and in the third, they make an oblation to him of their souls. Complete self-denial, out of love for God, is the only

way to human perfection, and this must be pointed out to the soul by the hand of infinite love, and made clear to her by the light of grace, not once, or twice only, but over and over again. For our organization is such, that if we do not keep before our eyes a goal that is so difficult of attainment as to appear almost impossible, we are apt to become slothful or self-satisfied. Nothing but the absolute necessity of an incessant application of our best energies can preserve us from growing lax and weary, and nothing but the consciousness of our dependence on God's grace for strength, can secure us from the poison of self-satisfaction.

The church addresses herself to the soul in these words, "Be perfect;" and Luther says, "Be a sinner, and sin greatly! Faith alone makes perfect."

You may tell me Luther has said better things than that. Very possible! he was clever enough as soon as he spoke not against the truth!—and with some good sentences he contrived to fill up the gaps and holes in the poor fabric of his doctrine; and when, at a later period, he fell into some contradictions with the same, it was because it touched the ebb and flow of his own individual feelings; and as it inclined first to one side, then to another, showing that it wanted support and renovation, his anxiety to prop it up in the places where it seemed to him the weakest, caused him to destroy even a pillar he had

raised himself, when he thought it expedient. But who can wish to live in such a tottering building, that has neither roof nor foundation? When a gust of wind blows against it from the world—when the thunder rolls over head, do you not feel it shake under your feet? Has it never occurred to you that if Luther were to have appeared in our days—which are certainly not remarkable for their delicacy or nobility of spirit—he would be encouraged and followed only by the mob, the high and low-born mob, and not by honest, noble-minded persons? A few years ago, when the Ronge fever was at its height in Protestant Germany, which, out of an ancient hatred for the Catholic church, interested itself so excessively for a few bad priests, Ronge had a coadjutor, who I believe they called Cerski. As this individual thought proper to marry his cook, even those persons who were infected with the Ronge fever seemed to have had enough of him, for they ceased to mention his name, or allude to him in any way. The point in question is, not whether Luther did or said some few good things—for the life of every human being, even of the greatest sinners, includes something of good with the bad—but as the founder of a religion, the main thing to be considered is his doctrine and its connexion with his actions. In Luther's case they were closely united, and both decidedly unfavourable to the ideal tendencies of man, and consequently in



perfect contradiction to the doctrine of Christ, which directs humanity to holiness as its grand aim.

Am I wrong?—I think not! Do I assert anything but the truth?—Oh, no, I certainly do not!—What will you say to me then? Will you tell me that I want to throw the blame of my faults and follies on the doctrine of Luther? That would be a very Protestant way of thinking, the same as rejecting the belief in human perfectibility, as the church teaches it, because weak, bad men have shown themselves to be but imperfect organs for carrying out the idea of perfection, and because you have chosen to notice the action of religion, in fulfilling her office of instructress of mankind, only in the worst of her children. But the Catholic cannot speak in that way! he cannot say the doctrine of Christ is worth nothing, because one, or a hundred, or a thousand individuals are worth nothing;—but he must say, they make a bad use of their free-will. Although there can be no comparison between a divine revelation and the Lutheran doctrine, yet it does not enter my head to say that it ought to be blamed for anything that I have done or not done; for that which I was or was not. My own will, weak and unredeemed as it was, might have been better used and applied, although it had only its human strength, I might have acted otherwise; I see the possibility in so many Protestants, who are a thousand times better

than I am. But now I have found my reconciliation with God, so that it is quite indifferent for the eternal welfare of my soul, whether the Lutheran doctrine exists or not—as it is, on the other hand, important for me that the Catholic doctrine should exist to all eternity. So that I have not the remotest design of throwing the burden of my faults on Luther, seeing that he has so many of his own to answer for. I have nothing to do with anything but his doctrine, which appears to me to have been from the beginning pernicious and brutal, and, even according to a mere earthly estimation, very imperfect ; so much so, that if I beheld perfect angels professing it, I should say :—they are angels by the grace of God, but not in virtue of their confession. I do not mean to say they cannot be sublime creatures, because I was not so—for as a child of the church I am also far from it!—but I shall never cease to maintain that they cannot be sublime creatures, because the founder of their religion was a weak, blind mortal, who was deprived of sanctifying grace in consequence of his apostacy, and therefore could not introduce it into his doctrine, and therefore was obliged to cut off man's tendencies towards the ideal, towards Christian perfection, because that is impossible without holiness. For that reason I add, and that doctrine is incapable of producing sublime human beings :—I do not here speak of persons remarkable for their

mental or moral power and energy, for they may appear without owing anything of their strength to the Christian religion in any of its branches; but I speak of sublime mortals in a divine sense—sublime as the saints were.

What a vast difference must it make in the education of the young, when, instead of presenting to them Epaminondas, or some other hero of antiquity, their eyes are directed to the glorious company of saints in heaven, who stand in countless rows, rejoicing in everlasting light; when, instead of shewing them the one as splendid pictures long since dead, and having no other interest for the living, but as beautiful objects for contemplation and admiration, they have the others pointed out to them, not as pictures but examples, dead according to the flesh, but in the fulness and glory of eternal life, and still in intimate communion with the living on earth, because from the church none can ever be withdrawn—only those souls who separate themselves from her by their own will, ever leave her; they have ascended from this scene of strife and struggle to a scene of triumph, ever over a path of trials, sufferings, and sorrows—sometimes, after having passed through severe temptations, after having acquired a difficult conquest over sin—and sometimes, though rarely, after a life of unsullied innocence; but they have gone from the same life, the same cir-

cumstances as every child finds himself in, as he has himself and sees around him. What a mighty influence must it have on the warm and tender heart of a child, when his eye is turned towards those glorious models, and his aspirations directed to that heaven for which he has been created. What has Epaminondas to do with his heavenly destination—or Cato—or Hector—the hero of my childhood? And what mother under the sun but would rejoice to see her child ripen for his heavenly destination? Oh, ye poor mothers, to whom the unwise and brutal reformers have shut that celestial temple whose vestibule is this earth—to become one of that company of saints—to secure a place in the church triumphant, this is the heavenly destination of your children! And to follow out this destination is the peremptory duty of every human being, not only in general and undefined faith in the soul's immortality, but in a decided and especial way, and the means for attaining the grace and strength for fulfilling this duty are generously offered to all.

But ye poor mothers know nothing of all this! You fancy the Catholic church has a heaven full of saints, in order that her children may worship them instead of the living God. Is it not so? Will you let me tell you why she has such a heaven? Because the words of Christ—"Be perfect," have been fully understood by her. Those words and the

power of the sacraments have called forth the company of saints that every successive century has been increasing, and will increase, until the end of time. And if the church had done nothing for humanity but secure to the world the immortal race of saints, she would deserve for that alone immortal gratitude; because, in giving to mankind that race, she holds before each individual the possibility of attaining the noblest end in life—human perfection. A religion which neither comprehends nor produces a moral ideal, is absolutely considered no religion, for it knows nothing of the heights and depths of the human heart,—knows nothing of concentrating the powers and energies of the soul into a focus, from which they are made to emanate with intense life. A religion that cannot and will not produce saints, is not fit to educate human beings; for the realization of the ideal is the end of moral cultivation, and its only end! With Luther's principles (it is impossible for me to use the holy word religion in connection with his name!) creatures of earth are produced:—"Faith alone makes perfect;" no matter whether a life of sin or of holy love—actions accursed or blessed—are joined to this faith; to make a distinction between them would pre-suppose a freedom of will, and that was rejected by Luther, because it implied a responsibility for his actions which would have been troublesome to him; but in that faith which may be carried about with one,

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as it were, and admits of a man remaining in sin, as in the right of a child of earth, which is not bound to follow Christ in his works. Is there, in all that, a single item that can be used for the promotion of our real moral culture and advancement? Is there a single faint glimmering spark which can illumine the path upwards? a single prop or stay for strengthening our will? Oh, no! certainly not; according to those principles, there exists no cause for exercising the will in good, no stimulus for achieving a conquest over self, or for struggling with evil. But as every individual feels in himself the activity of his will, and as it is undeniable that a conquest over self is the most wholesome thing for us, as we see from persons demanding it of others, when they little think of practising it themselves—so the discovery was made that man must be good by moral strength alone, and thus religion was discarded as the instructor and cultivator of the human race. It continued to be used as a certain form for keeping up certain customs of social life. It was employed for christening children, marrying those of riper years, preaching on Sundays, and distributing the Lord's Supper at Easter, &c.; and education was made with that moral power which man planted on its own basis, and, consequently, not subordinate to God, but on an equality with him. And in this way all that rebellion gives birth to, bears the stamp of its origin; involuntarily, unconsciously,

it gives evidence of its birth, which evidence is proportionately strong, as the strength of the thing in question becomes developed. Every one creates his own ideal, that is to say, he takes those qualities which he considers to be the best he possesses, but which are not unfrequently his worst, and unfolds them to the utmost extreme in one direction; he then presents his development of the beautiful or sublime to others, and is astonished to find it almost universally rejected; he begins to think the world is unjust, he accustoms himself to it by degrees, and learns to isolate himself in the consolatory depths of self-love, instead of yielding up himself and his individual opinions and feelings to the divine love.

But here, perhaps, somebody may feel inclined to say to me:—Thou hast described that which thou wast, and therefore dost believe the whole world to be so; but no, thou errest, we are different! Yes, I was so, that is certain! and I heartily congratulate those that are otherwise. But solitary instances prove nothing; we must abide by the principle, and with it stand or fall. Can any one prove to me that the inferences I have drawn are false? and if they be correct—must not the principle be false?

Religion must regain her empire over the heart, for it is the heart which God requires of us, and she alone can enable us to offer it up to him; she alone can infuse the power of sacrificing, and rejoicing in sacri-

fice, and of that necessity of sacrifice the whole body of Reformers had not the remotest idea. With what self-satisfied pride do they look down upon the poor priest, and still poorer monk, who cheerfully take upon themselves to live a life of humility and self-denial! How important they imagine themselves, those gentlemen, with their wives and children, with the good things of this world, and their energy in taking possession of the rights and privileges of humanity, of which they fancy the church has wickedly and foolishly deprived them. How they plume themselves upon the invention of their new faith, and their new form of worship, which they tell us has been ordered in spirit and in truth, although their faith is nothing more than an empty idea, a painted fire, that neither warms nor lightens; and their form of worship a desolate spiritualism, on which the soul becomes parched—an insipid action, which calls forth the feeling of indifference! How full their lives are of all that is not worth the trouble of living for; and how poor, how very poor, in that one thing which gives to life its value, its dignity and beauty—in sacrifice! But then they tell us Christ has sacrificed himself for us, and it would be derogating from his merits in the work of our justification if we attempted to follow him in his works! His sacrifice has done so much for us, that there is no reason why we should mortify our bodies; but by bearing in mind his suf-



ferings, we may feel secure of our salvation. Could a more convenient doctrine be devised? Can we wonder that those amongst men, who were lost in the love of the creature-comforts, came running in crowds to listen to it?

Oh! ye poor priests, and ye poor monks! who have taken it for granted that our Saviour meant what he said in the words—"Follow me." Poor, like him who had not where to lay his head; self-denying, like him who refused the joys and pleasures of the world; obedient, like him who was obedient unto the death of the cross. In your love for him have ye comprehended his sacrifice, and applied to your own souls, it has excited you to render up your lives as a willing sacrifice of love. Hence a single day of your existence contains more depth, more love, more faith, more beauty and dignity than the entire lives of all the Reformers taken together.

Canst thou not perceive that, O child of the world, immersed in the pursuit of pleasure? Dost thou refuse to give it a thought? Wouldst thou fain turn thine ear from the question? Yes, I can believe that of thee! But if the thought once opened upon thy mind, would not thy heart warm and expand before the picture of an entire yielding up of thy being to the love of God? Ha! dost thou answer, no? Art thou grown so old in a life of worldliness, so entangled in the comforts and joys of this life, that thou canst not

even mentally divest thyself of them? Well, then think not of thyself, but think of thy beloved child, oh, thou poor mother! Wouldst thou not rejoice over a child that had comprehended the sacrifice of divine love, applied it to his soul, and converted his whole heart into an oblation of love? What a father might be inclined to answer, I know not; but this I know—there is not a mother under the sun but would exclaim exultingly—Yes! Those mothers who stand without the pale of the church are much to be pitied, for the tenderest wish of their hearts, for the happiness and welfare of their children cannot be fulfilled. Those who turned apostates to the church knew nothing of sacrifice, for they rejected the ideal of perfection, and blocked up the path that leads to it, for their successors. Protestants have but one direction in which they think it expedient to consume their lives; they must marry, or they are regarded as superfluous, and occupying the place of others. In addition to the total ignorance of human nature, which this uniformity of arrangement indicates, we may distinguish an astonishing triviality, and even vulgarity, in the idea on which it is founded; for it attaches a higher value to the body than to the soul. The church, with her unbounded love of souls, has given the precedence to them. But in order fully to understand that, the Protestants must begin by destroying the web of customs and habits which time has spun

around their heads, and it is the heart which must undertake its destruction—the task is not easy to accomplish.

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IN the spring of 1844, I returned from the East. The tumultuous life of Europe made an unpleasant impression on me—it seemed to oppress me. I had been living two whole months on the quiet waters of the Nile, the silent deserts around me, and the still, melancholy ruins before me—and all at once, the noise, the bustle, the luxury, the universal stir in every path of life!—it actually stunned me. I had been absent only ten months, but so completely removed with all my thoughts and feelings from Europe, that I came back to it as from another world, and regarded the state of affairs with other eyes than formerly. I often asked myself, Is no one of the bustling crowd aware of the dreadful whirlpool towards which we are all driven on by the stream of Time. On the 14th of June, in the same year, I wrote in my journal:—

“ Insurrections everywhere—in Silesia, in Prague, in Ingolstadt! Revolutionary movements everywhere; those who have nothing, opposing those who have something. As yet, those movements are uncertain, timorous, like the footsteps of a child that is learning to walk; but it is trying its strength—it has managed

to find its own path. We are moving into unprecedented times. I shudder when I think of the next fifty years. Nothing can remain where it now stands—neither church, nor state, nor society. The work of dissolution has commenced ; external remedies may repress it for a time ; but how long ?”

I studied the books and systems of the Communists and Socialists, to try and discover if the germs of a reorganisation of the world were contained in them. But I soon found out that they called artificial and not organic powers into action ; instead of unity, I perceived uniformity ; instead of a creative principle, I saw a decomposing power ; the resolving elements were there, but not the combining ; in a word, the elements of life were wanting—to say nothing of eternal life.

There were some persons who then steadfastly denied the real existence of communism and its propaganda, and maintained its existence was confined to books. It was much disputed, and I remember having said :—

“ They are an impotent set of vagabonds, but their venomous envy will occasion us much injury, because they will destroy, but not build up. Envy and impotence go hand in hand.”

After that, I commenced a study of the works of Luther, with which I had hitherto been unacquainted. Perhaps it is only there that we can find the word

which called our modern chaos into existence, and which I sought for in vain in the works of the communistical writers. But that was a dismal epoch in my mental life. Sometimes I fell into a sort of fit of rationalism, because I could not bear the arid spiritualism which went hand in hand with the grossest materialism, yet occasionally I alighted on a passage which, like a few strewed crumbs, strengthened me in my predilection for a self-chosen, self-formed religion. For so I considered Protestantism, without being aware that such a religion is anything rather than religion—anything rather than that chain of love which links all souls to one common centre to prepare them for the kingdom of heaven. I wrote —

“ I was born in a Protestant country, in a Protestant age, and with a Protestant turn of mind ; but I am disgusted with the evangelical church, which is the fashion just now. No ! a church—if there must be a church !—can only be the Catholic church ; at least, that is the only one I could recognize ; and St. Augustine points out her doctrines—if doctrines can be pointed out to us !—with more convincing profundity of thought, and far more love than Luther.”

The arbitrary power of the individual in explaining and receiving the doctrines of Christianity was what I was thinking of, when I called my turn of mind Protestant, and in all the works of Luther I found nothing that pleased me so much as what he says about the priesthood :—

“Every baptized Christian is a priest ; not ordained by the Pope, or called to the ministry by man, but by virtue of his baptism conceived and born a priest of Christ. It is necessary to publish this, in consequence of the abominations which only give the name of priests to those whose heads have been shorn.”

Now, having been baptized like any other Christian, knowing my Bible as well as most of them, and not doubting I was sufficiently enlightened by the spirit of truth, I considered myself fully competent to officiate as my own priestess, and was delighted to find a passage in Luther's writings where he shows himself ready to recognize a female priesthood :—

“ Where there are no men, but only vain women, as in convents, a woman might be set up to preach there.”

The attempt to form a church out of this distraction and contradiction of ideas, or rather the determination to form one with them, was a circumstance that had ever made me turn my mind away from the so-called Reformation with a feeling of disgust, because it pre-supposed the existence of a self-deception so gross, as to amount to actual falsehood. If the grand mass of Protestants had but a faint idea of the sea of contradictions in which the Reformers are immersed, they would quickly fly for safety to the rock of St. Peter; for all must see that where unity and con-

sistency are entirely wanting, there the eternal truth is not to be found.

Whilst my mind was tinged with the colours of rationalism, I wrote to a friend on the subject of religion, and explained, in my own way, the connexion of revelation with natural religion. What was my horror and surprise, when she sent to me one morning a sort of Essay, in which I found the ideas that had been scattered about in my letter thrown into a connected form, and prepared to flourish as an article in some journal, by an acquaintance of hers—the object of sending to me was to ask my permission before sending it for publication. On reading it I found it as insipid and barren as Luther's explanation of Solomon's song, in which he informs us that the wise king sang the praises of the police, and the good government of his kingdom. With a positive refusal, I prevented the publication of the Essay.

From this undecided state of mind I was aroused by an event which caused considerable sensation in the north of Germany—the exposure of the sacred coat of Christ at Trier. Nobody understood the meaning of it. There was a general cry of “What does it signify?” and—“How extraordinary and inconceivable that thousands and thousands, from the source to the mouth of the Rhine, should make a pilgrimage to Trier to look at the sacred coat—and not only the lower and uneducated classes of the people, but the

refined and higher orders ! And could that coat really be the same garment that was once worn by Christ ? And were those miracles really wrought by it that the newspapers related ?" I was astounded, as every one else was, at the display of religious enthusiasm, of which the Protestants have but little or no conception. But instead of renouncing or ridiculing it, I felt myself agreeably affected by it. " I know not if it be the same coat"—I wrote then—" but it is the same faith which made the sick woman fall down before the feet of Christ to touch the hem of his garment and be cured." My instinct feelings were always right, but my arguments were always false ! for if the ancient faith still existed in the Catholic church, so firm, so ardent, and immutable as to call forth miracles, how could I have been able to say, better no church than one only church ! And it was not on account of the miracles, or all that is above reason in the Catholic church that I was frightened away from it, on the contrary ! I wrote:—

" The stiff-necked scholars of the present day say contemptuously, foolish and insignificant people may believe in miracles Well, then, the wise and great have one thing in common with them. For, thank God ! the great do not believe that poor human intellect is able to fathom the depths of truth, or that its imperfect code of laws are binding in the wide extent of creation, or direct the order of the moral and spiritual world."



An idea that has taken root in the minds of innumerable Protestants is, that the Catholic church demands difficult and almost impossible things of her children, in the exercise of faith ; that, to say nothing of the inquisition, she makes use of I know not what unjustifiable means to force people to believe ;—an absurd idea, but one that is closely united with Protestantism, because at the time of the great apostacy the Reformers were indefatigable in maintaining that the mind of man was held in disgraceful bondage by the church, and that they were called upon to deliver it. Alas ! the mistaken notion of progress, what a sad stumbling-block it has been for the Protestants ! I might have been expected to entertain some doubts about this progress of intellect, in as far as I wrote, with a better perception of truth :—

“ Great thinkers they certainly were not in the time of Luther ; his works testify to that, for they are written for a people that do not think, but blindly receive his doctrine.”

My progress of intellectual life consisted in rejecting the doctrine of Luther, and thinking I could get on in life without any doctrine at all. A fearful delusion, for which one must atone by fearful sufferings !

After the great festival by which the church celebrated the exposure of the sacred coat of Christ, followed the unworthy farce of Rongeism, of which I never entertained or expressed any other opinion

than that a dry leaf fell from the tree of the church to the ground. The infidel portion of the Protestants regarded that wicked priest as an exalted individual, whose mission it was to give the long-deserved death-blow to the Catholic church, and by that means

- abolish all religion. The orthodox Protestants were enraged with him, because they disapproved of his opposition to existing authority. If they had declared him justified in his rejection of the Catholic dogmas, they could have had no right to condemn a deserter from their ranks, who thought proper to reject the sole authority of the Holy Scriptures. Others, equally orthodox, could not refrain from expressing a malicious joy at what they considered a severe injury inflicted on the Catholic church. Many an enthusiastic mind hailed that new era with delight, which was to destroy all religious barriers between different sects, and call forth a glorious religious fraternity to bless and animate mankind. That the so much-approved-of spirit of political opposition then lay hidden under this mask, because the German governments allowed the daring spirit of liberalism to display its power and energy only in the religious department, its activity turned against faith and church—that some few were aware of, but really only a few. The opposition to all authority was at that time such a ruling passion in Germany, that every one was received with open arms who entered the

lists to contend with anything positive. Whoever led or joined the universal opposition was a hero, a great and sincere character, a soul that thirsted for freedom, whose right of investigating and examining was on no account to be straightened—and so all the idle and empty-headed, all those inquisitive rather than inquiring minds, who are caught by every novelty, all those who, behind a certain vague enthusiasm, were sensible of a great void, which they wanted to fill up with something, no matter what!—in short, the great mass crowded with the superficial sympathy of curiosity to listen to the new apostles or new prophets of that period.

I was incapable of partaking in the general excitement; and Ronge with his followers, the “Friends of Light” with their adherents, the members of the “Community of Free Christians” and all their partisans, together with the so-called good Protestants, passed before my eyes without arousing me from my indifference—it was as if I had possessed no thought in common with them. I read with contemptuous pity some Protestant tracts on the religious excitement of the time—from which I felt myself daily becoming more and more estranged, and I isolated my being ever more from the world, because there was nothing of all that took place around me which awakened even a momentary interest in my mind. Whatever there appeared, I contemplated and whis-

pered, Still-born!—still-born!—All the productions of art, poetry, or literature, which those years put forth, drew but the same exclamation from me, Still-born! Nowhere was that glance of the mind which looks beyond the horizon of time—nowhere was that step taken, which, passing from the present to the future, takes possession of it—nowhere moved that fresh vivifying air, which is wafted from the heights of eternity into the valley of time. A heavy, thick, sultry atmosphere weighed upon all and everything, destroying spirit and life—and hence the productions of that epoch, whether books or men, were alike still-born. But this yearning for the word of life was not dead in me! on the contrary. It grew intenser in proportion as every thing that rose up around me became shadowy and worthless. I longed, I aspired to find, at last, the soul of this world of dust and ashes.

I turned to the study of Mysticism, and began with the “New Theology” of Swedenborg, in which I could discover nothing that pleased me, but his proofs of the intenable nature of the Protestant doctrines. His visions were like those of a somnambulist, but not like the visions of the saints. I could see no evidence of extraordinary grace bestowed on him by God, in those ridiculous singularities; and, although here and there a grain of gold was to be found in the book, it was hidden in such a mass of

straw, that I was quite wearied with the search. But when my isolated soul felt a touch that moved and stirred her, I became suddenly lively and attentive. A book of Goerres's fell into my hand; I forget the title, but I remember it pleased me exceedingly. I was previously quite unacquainted with his works, and I felt that I understood him but imperfectly. "He is a very Rembrandt!" I exclaimed—"A king of shades;" he leaves us much to guess, perhaps too much. But it is a very different thing, when the starry heaven of Mysticism is conjured up by him, and as it hangs over my head, to let him tell me of the deep mystery that unites all things into one harmonious whole—or to listen to the Protestants, who, in their assiduous application of the knife of criticism, anatomise all that they explain, and with their reason destroy religion.

In the meantime, however, I wrote my "Sybil," during the composition of which I was seized with a fit of such unutterable melancholy, that I was obliged to interrupt it with other occupations for some months. If I remember right, my love for the Catholic church is more strongly expressed in it than in any of my former books. The following words which are contained in it show this, and now I feel a pleasure in having written them there:—

"I know not if the Catholics are better than the Protestants, but they are certainly happier." With

“Salva me, fons pietatis!” has no other novel been closed. As pious minds throw off their grief and melancholy in prayer, so I transferred mine to my books. By writing I could ever comfort myself. With a pen in my hand, and a piece of paper before me, I was a happy creature, free from care, and full of hope. Oh, had I but written better things, I should thank God on my knees for this gift, which has procured for me so many hours of pleasure, and not occasioned me one moment of pain. For the discouragements and bitterness that other authors have experienced in their career, I have never known. In writing, I enjoyed the mental operation that went on in the laboratory of my mind, and I had no other object in view than the production of something good, beautiful, and true—I worked to kindle a flame in some unknown soul—to give courage and comfort to some unknown heart—to bring back some spirit to itself that had been lost in the nothingness of external things—to awaken a longing for the divine—a love for truth, and aspiration for strength of soul and firmness of character! In all those attempts I failed!—perhaps the talents I possessed were in themselves too weak for the task, and, above all, I wanted the chief thing, correctness of perception, true wisdom. But I was unconscious of what I wanted. I considered my veracity as objective truth, and hence I never wrote but with a deep and glowing convic-

tion of being right. I can easily conceive how that warmth and fervour led many of my readers to form conclusions very wide from those I intended them to arrive at. For this reason I deeply lament my former delusion, and would fain beg pardon of all who have, through the medium of my books, acquired a false or perverted notion of things that are holy and honourable. Nevertheless, that cannot prevent me from considering this talent as the source of my greatest joy—a joy that was always independent of future applause or approbation, inaccessible to future blame or disapproval,—a joy that can only emanate from a certain creative power and activity which imparts intensity and stimulus to the internal life. I wrote, not to find occupation or to extort praise, not to make a fortune or to serve a party, not to create a sensation or to gain any selfish end ;—but because my internal life was at times so moved and inspired by an idea that imperatively demanded of me to give it an external form. As no other instruments were given to me, I took up my pen—instead of pencils and palette, instead of the chisel and the marble—I sat down to my pen and paper, and felt as happy in my activity as either Raphael or Thorwaldsen.

I should like to know if other authors feel the same, and if, when they lose for a while the bright side of life, they are so painfully alive to its shadows— if they feel that void which I felt as soon as one work

was finished, and the next not ready to be begun. As I did not write to fill my idle hours, I had to wait until a new idea became sufficiently clear and defined in its form to admit of its being committed to paper—and during those dull pauses I felt as if I had been transported from Andalusia to Kamtschatka.

Another dark side, darker than the first, for me, was the indescribable pleasure which I took in, or with, myself—I scarcely know which to call it. Who could proffer to me greater pleasure than I prepared for myself? Who enlightened my understanding, or gave me better ideas, or made the hours pass quicker, or conjured up fairer images to my imagination than I did for myself?—Ah, the person who has received a talent from the hands of God, and does not use it to his glory, and consecrate it to his service, must ever be chained down to the anchor of egotism, whether it assumes the shape of pride or vanity. If we serve our God with the pencil, the chisel, or the pen—if we work to glorify his greatness and his loving mercy—if we strive to make visible to the eye of man the beauty of the Creator, rather than of the creature—if we endeavour to withdraw the senses of the mortal from all that is earthly, to fix them upon all that is heavenly—to beatify the tedious destiny of earthly existence by lending it the glories of eternity—to send the watchcall of the coming day to the slumbering world, like the sounds at dawn from the minarets of the east—then, in truth,



may we say we seek no selfish pleasure in the exercise of the talents that have been committed to us. A higher joy supplants the place of egotism. All that we undertake is for the honour of the Deity ; and if we can believe or hope that we have thrown one grain, ay, even the smallest atom, in the censer from which the incense ascends as a sweet savour before the divine Majesty—or if we have induced another to make such an offering—then, yes, then we are warranted in feeling happy. Such humble but ardent love and zeal in the service of God called forth the old church hymns, the old sacred pictures, a variety of detached portions of architectural peculiarities, such as here an altar or there a portal, built on to an older church. That which gives to all these things an incomparable beauty, is the complete resignation of the artist to the holiness of the subject ; hence nothing of what is unholy can be found in the execution ; which is always sure to be perceptible, where the love of self and self-delusion has not been entirely conquered ; all that is beautiful and sublime, noble and worthy of praise, man finds, and becomes, in the perfect resignation of his whole being to God. Man feels that, he knows it too, and yearns after it ; whithersoever he turn himself disappointment meets him ; in his own being, in whatever he undertakes, every thing shows him his own nothingness : he can effect nothing, attain nothing, hold nothing fast, for

his weak hand, constructed only for the span of time, has not the power to grasp eternity ;—all this misery is evident to him, all this sickness and sorrow of heart makes his bosom bleed—and yet!—yet!—he can only resign himself without reserve to the divine love when divine grace enables him to do so, and gives him strength to use exertions which raise him above the sphere of his own mortal nature.

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AND thus passed two more years of my life ! What do I say ?—They passed ! Alas ! they were thrown away—gone—done in nothing, for nothing, with nothing ! It is true, I had attempted to take the first step towards entering the Catholic church ; but it was supposed I possessed too little seriousness or perseverance, or too much fancy—that is to say, I was too capricious and whimsical ; so the attempt was unsuccessful. It disheartened me very much—it seemed as if the church would have nothing to do with me ; and I, for my part, wanted to have nothing more to do with Lutheranism. I felt like the poor bat in the fable, who complains that neither the mouse nor the bird will acknowledge her as sister or companion. I could never understand what the Protestants meant by saying that the Catholics are always trying to make proselytes. I did not find it so. Notwithstanding my often-expressed partiality

for the Catholic religion, neither friend, acquaintance, or priest, even said, or even slightly intimated to me, that it was better to be in the church than out of her. That we cannot be won over to, or prepared to profess a religion by mere external means, seems to me a matter of course, and it is equally clear that in the real conversion human influence avails but little—that grace is everything. But I can never admit that it is improper to show eternal truth as clearly and strikingly as possible, before the mind that eagerly and anxiously searches for it. And that is what the Protestants call making proselytes ;—for I suppose they did not intend to tell us there exists some enchantment of spell, by the means of which a man may be made a Catholic against his will—and they think themselves justified in being incensed about it. But that is a most decided proof that their confession cannot bear the test of truth. If they believed in their religion, in the same way as we believe in the one true church, they would not be so easily frightened at her influence. If I know that I possess a diamond, I certainly would not exchange it for a piece of stained glass. But I cannot see why I am not allowed to tell others where the Golconda lies from whence my diamond came—which is the way that conducts there, and how others may find the same! Are not people encouraged to enter on all sorts of speculations, which, if left to themselves,

they would never dream of? Lottery tickets, tickets for the theatre, shares, subscription lists, are handed about everywhere, ostensibly for charitable purposes;—to propagate false and perverted doctrines both tongue and pen are put into requisition with the utmost vigour;—but if a Catholic speaks of his church with love and enthusiasm, he is immediately pointed at, as a person whose business it is to bring some poor Protestant soul into hell, instead of wishing to point out to all souls the way to heaven. Well, this much is certain—no one ever took the trouble to try to make a proselyte of me.

In the spring of 1846, I went to England; I could hold out no longer in an atmosphere so tainted with the fumes of perversion and decay as that of Germany. I resorted to the strong and powerful life of the nation beyond the channel as to a chalybeate spring; that life healthy in the individual, mighty in the community, rich in its diversity, steady in its unity, active in its organic connexion with its historical traditions, because the thread of historic development is there left unbroken—all this had a salutary effect upon my nerves, which the air of Germany had debilitated. There I felt myself among a people who knew what they wanted for life, both nationally and individually. And who, I ask, knew that in Germany, in the year 1846?—The radicals, perhaps; that is, they knew what they did not want

for their life, the continuation of that which actually existed ; but how to lay a great and firm foundation for erecting something new—that they knew not—the last few years have proved it!—that was not their task, not their mission. They had not the materials in them that make the men of the future. Their work was like the work of the canker-worm that lies in the tree, and eats and gnaws, until at last nothing but the rind and a handful of dust is left. This is not knowing what one wants for life. The worm or the child which exercises its faculties in destroying because it is destitute of the capacity to create, cannot be said to know what are its real wants. Germany at that time did her best to carry on in the political and social circles the work which had been commenced in the religious and ecclesiastical spheres in the sixteenth century, and there was no lack of adherents and admirers of the hollow, unconnected theories for the re-organization of society, in the same way as the Reformers were followed by their disciples and supporters in their plans for a re-organization of the church,—both failed, and for the best of all reasons, negation has no innate life. It exists, and must ever exist as antithesis, just as death is to be found in opposition to life—it is there, in order that it may be constantly overcome. He who cannot rise above negation and opposition, and distinguishes himself only in them, has received but a very subordinate

talent—if a talent at all ! but he has no right to come forward and say, that he has a strong will, and knows what he ought to do with it. With such oppositionists Germany considered herself blessed at that time, and I—Oh, how often have I exclaimed, “These people will go hand and hand with the revolution, until they stand before the guillotine, and then they turn astounded to each other, and cry, ‘ No, we did not intend to this ! ’ ”

But now, the canker-worm is at its work in England. The last four years have dreadfully demoralized the whole of Europe in her worldly relations, because so many of the so-called clever and honourable men, under I know not what impressions of the advantages of compliance, and led by strange ideas of philanthropy and forbearance, have resolved that odd shall pass for even, and that left shall be the same as right. That is in itself a bad example, enough for the innumerable host of persons who are ever wavering and incapable of sound judgment, and who are quick and ready to cling to a bad example, in proportion as they would be backward in following a good example if it were offered to them. This very backwardness rendered good examples more necessary ; and in proportion as these were wanting, the demoralization has increased—that dreadful, fearful condition of humanity in which man’s judgment becomes so un-

trained and untractable, that the boundaries of right and wrong are no longer discernible.

The passing of the Corn Bill, which was considered a question of life and death for England, was the work of the canker-worm. Its aim from the beginning was the transposition of that point in which the energies of the nation has for so many ages been concentrated, and on which England's strength at home and greatness abroad are based. The vast importance which the great landholders and old aristocracy throw into the scales which balance the fate of the nation is to be weakened, and perhaps eventually destroyed; the principle of continuity and consistency which they represent is to be set aside, and the avenues are to be opened for the progress of democracy. We shall see how long England will be able to support her life upon her old traditions, and resist the influence of modern fables.

I had heard much of the majesty of the Anglican church. What struck me as remarkable were her beautiful cathedrals—which stood empty; and her great possessions, the income of which was enjoyed by the dignitaries of the church and their families.

The deep beauty which characterises all the institutions of the Catholic church is visible in the regulation which gives to her bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries the goods of the earth, in order that they shall not possess them as their own. There lies a strik-

ing contrast in a life full of self-denial of all earthly joys and pleasures—in the daily and hourly sacrifice of abstinence—in the voluntary solitude of a soul living to God—when the same person has those earthly riches given to him which he can make no use of but for others. He has no beautiful wife to be adorned with diamonds—no sons for whom he can open a glorious career—no daughter whose prospects in life he has to secure. The present and the future are solitary to him; the cares for posterity, which so often accompany others to the grave, do not touch him. He sleeps, perhaps, upon a straw mattress, and fasts like a hermit in the desert;—but notwithstanding that, he is rich. “Yes, but in the name of heaven, why should he be rich?” cry the Protestants. Why are there poor, sick, wretched, and helpless creatures in the world? For their sakes he should be rich! Or do ye mean to say that the state or the commissioners for the poor can provide for the wants of the indigent and miserable better than he can? That they cannot, must now be evident to every one! And further, he should be rich, in order to fulfil that precept of Scripture, which says that we shall possess riches as if we possessed them not; and because the brightness of such an example may cast its rays into thousands of hearts, exciting them to imitation. That is why the church wishes her bishops to be rich. But state governments have asked that same question, only that



they have had a worldly interest in asking it, and having made a stingy calculation of how much a person can manage to live upon, they have coolly curtailed the incomes of the bishops to the smallest possible sum, so that in Germany great incomes among the higher dignitaries of the church are to be regarded as very great exceptions.

In England, where the church revenues have not yet passed over to the state, the original idea of making the church rich has been gradually lost—thanks to the Reformation! so that a bishop lives there just like any other gentleman and father of a family, who can afford, when he likes it, to be extremely charitable, hospitable, &c. But the ideal of a bishop has disappeared—with *the* church! Who feels not its sad loss? Or do ye mean, perhaps, that the ideal is never realized? Ha! whence arises that doubt? Is it because ye never hear of those who have realized it? Of those who have failed to realise it, ye have heard often enough. Just as some of the Popes are said to have been a race of monsters, and when one asks the names of the monsters, and the dates of their horrid deeds, one hears of constant reference made to Alexander VI.! Alexander Borgia! We should be much more justified in saying what a dreadful set of men the apostles were! the one betrayed Christ, the second denied him, and the third doubted him. Alas! why is the ideal beauty of the church so little known, so hard to

recognize?—how often could I ask that, if a second question did not ever follow it—why did I come to the perception of that beauty so late?

The cathedrals stood empty! yes, they were built for the universal faith, and are too capacious for a sect that has again been divided and subdivided into hundreds of sects. In the York cathedral the service is performed in the choir, whilst the nave remains unused. Thus, those incomparable cathedrals of York, Durham, Chester, Salisbury, and Canterbury, make a mournful, death-like, and God-forsaken impression on me, and still more so, the Westminster Abbey, concerning which I wrote in my diary:—"It is a glorious temple of pillars, which marks the burying-place of England's great men,"—whose vaults and monuments are there. The finest of all these architectural masses are the two magnificent ruins of Melrose and Tintern Abbey.

I cannot take upon me to say if there be a strong faith in the dogmas of the Anglican church amongst the English. A few years ago, I thought there was, because I compared it with the total want of faith in Germany. At all events, I am convinced that there is a general necessity for a faith there, and that the respect for religion, as the law of God, is strongly felt. The Englishman does not like the existence of an atom. If he separates from the state church, he immediately builds himself a chapel, or a meeting, be it

ever so small, for those of his own persuasion. That the state church is very unsatisfactory to thousands, the innumerable sects are the proof.

In Scotland Calvinism, which is there called Presbyterianism, prevails. One can form no conception of the dryness of this form of worship, unless one has witnessed it. I still remember, with actual pain, being present at that service in Edinburgh, in a church without an altar, or organ, or ornament of any kind, with stiff pews, the doors of which made an unpleasant noise whenever any one went in or came out of them. A sermon and a psalm were read, and I believe the same psalm read in modern metre, and sung by the congregation, who were after that dismissed. Every good Presbyterian goes to this service not less than three times in the course of the Sunday. I was by no means surprised at learning that a schism had arisen, and separated itself from this confession, under the name of the "free church," which had found much sympathy in the whole country. It was then in the fourth year of its existence, and had spread so wide, that 800 chapels were dedicated to the new sect. These chapels were equally uninviting, in my opinion;—four walls and long benches, were all that these schismatics thought necessary for the place in which they performed the act of divine worship. It was always difficult to me to comprehend the feelings which prompt people to make the house of God so bare, and

devoid of beauty, or their form of worship so stiff and cold. I have often thought such chapels and their services seemed as if they were intended for ghosts, instead of human beings with hearts and souls; and why is heart and soul to be denied before God? That is more than I could understand! But now I should like to ask, Is it, perhaps, because they will not offer up the heart to God, nor yield up the soul to him? Such was the case with that rigid Calvinist, John Knox. His faith turned him into a moral mummy; and of all the attributes of the Almighty, he comprehended only God's eternal wrath against the damned, that is to say, against all those that he, John Knox, condemned. It was with indescribable pleasure that I saw his statue erected in a burying ground in Glasgow. "That is the very place for him," I said; "he suits the dead—but not the living!"

The monstrous and adventurous spirit of sectarianism in England shows that the whole nation feels the absolute necessity of religion; but one thing, which makes the fact as melancholy as extraordinary, is that each new man who comes forward and forms a sect should think that the light of true Christianity has suddenly burst upon him and his adherents, after having lain hidden since the days of the Apostles. And whilst they endeavour to make their dream of yesterday, or opinion of to-day, pass over the chasm of eighteen centuries, with a backward spring, that ne-

vertheless brings them not to the centre of truth—the church of God stands with wide open doors, and a voice is heard from within, that resounds over the whole earth, saying, “Come to me!” But the sound is lost in air! and that which man, with his weak judgment and limited knowledge, has conceived or invented—that is not lost in air! How many a yearning and seeking soul passes by the church of God to listen to the precepts of man, to hang on human words, and to find out that human words can never, never give them what they pine after; to famish in lamentable poverty on the crumbs of truth, whilst the church offers the fulness of truth to them in vain. Oh, let not the pitiful crumbs satisfy the cravings of your souls! You cannot believe that they infuse into you the principle of eternal life, for you cannot deny that the Saviour promised to send the Holy Ghost to his church, who should abide with her all days, even unto the end of the world. Where could he have hidden himself for so many centuries before your John Knox, your Wesley, your Fox, your Irving, your Erskine—and I know not how many others—presented him to the world through that narrow religious system which each of them has endeavoured to base upon the words of Scripture? Could the divine promise of the Saviour have been spoken in the air, and left without any sense or meaning for seventeen or eighteen centuries, for so many nations and so many generations—until at length a man suddenly starts up

and says, "The eternal truth has been revealed to me!" And can you pin your faith upon such a man? In ten years hence appears another, and in five years after a third, who in his turn will be succeeded by a fourth and fifth; and each appealing to the Holy Scriptures, will say, "Behold! here it is written! This book is my witness!" But each makes that witness say something new, or, at least, attach a new meaning to that which is old;—and can this inconsistency be the work of the Holy Ghost? Is it not self-evident that the eternal revelation of truth could never take such an uncertain course? that truth must be ever the same, and ever teach the same? That it cannot be born of one enthusiastic, eccentric, or plodding mind to-day, and of another to-morrow? That it is already revealed to you, that it is before your eyes, only higher, much higher than you choose to lift them, because you look straight forward, and your glance falls on man, who unfolds to your fascinated view his religious or irreligious systems. Oh, fall down upon your knees but once, and look upwards, and the feelings will move in your soul that points out where truth is to be found, and from feeling you will pass over to knowledge, and from knowledge to firm conviction. But to fall upon your knees\*—that you

\* This is addressed to the Protestants of Germany, who consider the kneeling attitude during the act of prayer essentially papistical. They never kneel either at their private or public devotions.

would call an act of popery !—The only position which is befitting for man when he addresses his God ye have rejected ! The only external form in which the position of the body expresses an internal humility, you despise ! Ye stand in awful reverence before kings in their perishable halls—but before the King of kings in his temple, ye take your seats ! But I hope the time will yet come when ye will kneel before him—for it has come to me ! And he to whom so much saving grace has been freely given as has been bestowed on me, must entertain an unshaken faith and steady hope for others.

With a visit to Ireland I concluded my tour in Great Britain. There, again, I beheld the church in her beauty—that is, in poverty, humility, and martyrdom ; and in her priests I beheld pious, holy men, full of apostolic love and mercy. What sacrifices, what faithfulness in the service of God, what resignation to his will ! I can neither describe it, nor forget it.\* That people, with all the lights and shades of the Celtic race,—with gracefulness and thoughtlessness,—with a strong impulse to love or hate, love their priests and their religion as the rays of the sun that fall on the depths of their misery. Ireland, with-

\* Countess Hahn-Hahn, during her visit to Ireland, had the pleasure of making Father Matthew's acquaintance, of whose apostolic mission no Catholic can feel a doubt.

out the Catholic church, would be a depopulated desert; for the care, the compassion, the Christian love which that people require, they can find only in her. To be sure, if she were not Catholic, she would not be England's step-daughter, she would not have been always treated as a conquered land, and left for centuries under the yoke of slavery and injustice. In proportion as one suffers for a something that is holy and dear, the love increases for it. Can we wonder at the glowing love of Ireland for her church, when we remember what she has suffered for her? With what abhorrence the Protestants speak of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes under Louis XIV! More than a hundred years later, the Irish Catholics were held by their Protestant government in a condition of such barbarous lawlessness, that only a land of slaves could furnish us with a similar example. They were under the same oppression as the Jews of the middle ages. Now, England would gladly heal with gold the wounds of past injuries. Too late! Ireland is the Achilles' heel in the figure of Britannia. She loses her life's blood at that incurable wound. We cannot destroy our own vitals without bringing on the sickness of death.

The frightful famine of the winter of 1847 began to show itself in the autumn previous—at least, in that part of Ireland in which I remained the longest, in



the county of Cork, and the adjoining districts. I became an eye-witness of several slight riots, occasioned by the people carrying off flour from the bakers and millers. Where peace and order was observed, or the crowd dispersed without further mischief, or the loud complaint changed into a silent lamentation, there the priests were to be found in the salutary exercise of their priestly functions. Yes, the parish priest was the man whose word was stronger than hunger! And at that very time an English newspaper, that in other respects is so clever, so sensible, so profound in its knowledge of human nature, that it may be regarded as the organ of the sound sense of Europe,—“The Times,”—opened its columns for the insertion of the most bitter mockery of Ireland’s wretchedness, congratulating the potato-eaters on having been induced, by a scarcity of their favorite dish, to make up their minds to eat animal food as a substitute. It is scarcely to be credited, but nevertheless it is true! Towards the end of September I read those revolting articles on the “Potatophagers” whilst in Killarney, where I had seen and heard so much of the misery and poverty of the people. After I left Ireland, the wretchedness of the people increased to such a degree, that it seems to have induced a savage wildness, that not even the power of religion could restrain.

My soul was aroused from the dormant state into

which she had fallen by the Catholic Church in Ireland, because there, again, faith appeared as love, full of mercy and self-sacrifice, rich in activity and good works, and its blessings conducted and administered by those who had been really called to the office—by the servants of the church. That many of the Anglican, or Presbyterian, or other confessionists, may be distinguished for their works of mercy and self-sacrifice, I am quite prepared to admit,—I can easily believe it,—but their churches have nothing to do with either. No, they were not born of love, but—I could almost say, of hatred; and hence that cold, stiff, repulsive severity, of which they cannot divest themselves. Like all their Protestant sisters, they always appear, in my eyes, as if they were determined to ward off the approach of mankind as effectually as possible. They require of people a firm belief in what they teach. Yes, that, of course, and therefore their congregations are expected to attend regularly to the sermons; but on no account may a soul that is sick, and in need of help and consolation, appeal to the ministers of religion for aid! and to turn the human heart aside, and reduce it entirely to itself, their dogmas appear to have been invented. Such dogmas as “Faith alone makes perfect,” and “The Holy Ghost gives to every Christian the explanation of the Holy Scriptures,” are calculated to make all further comfort, counsel, or exhortation, appear not only super-

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fluous, but inadmissible. The human principle of self-love is to be found governing all those religions that are founded on human invention, and that principle excludes the influence of Christian love. With the Catholic church it is just the contrary! Born of Divine love, her dogmas are not mere words, that are wrapped up in faith—which faith is buried in the individual, like spices in an Egyptian mummy—but love, whose essence is creative, creates and operates within the individual, giving a power of resigning self over to the community, in which act self-love is destroyed.

Catholic, Irishman, Priest! How many Protestants will here think of a head three times as limited in intellect as any other man's? When I beheld those Irish priests, and listened to their words, and saw their actions; contemplated their lives of Christian love, of care and trouble, ever striving to extend their aid to all that stood in need of it—I said to myself, "What a heart of stone must thine be to resist such examples, that in seeing and associating with such men thou shouldst not be excited to join their church! for it is the faith which their church has given them that enables them to live their lives of love;—and where in the whole world hast thou beheld any thing to equal it? Nowhere; ah, nowhere!" But then, I felt frightened at myself, as if I meditated doing something wrong; and then, I continued, "No,

such a change of religion would be no conversion ! There would be a human feeling at the bottom of it ; it would be the admiration and respect I feel for these priests that propelled me to their church ! ” And not for the sake of one,—nay, not for the sake of a hundred, or a thousand, of the more perfect human beings, could I accept a religious creed. It must be for a something Divine—for the sake of truth.

And to this day I have never thought otherwise : but that I ought to have been more diligent in my search and enquiry after truth, I now acknowledge. But then, the unavoidable necessity of beginning the search, by making myself acquainted with the positive doctrine of the church, was a star that had not shown itself in my horizon. Perhaps I fancied that truth was to strike me like a flash of lightning, or suddenly come down upon me, as it did upon St. Paul ; or it might have been a reminiscence of Lutheranism, which taught me that the will was ineffectual in promoting a conversion, or in acquiring a knowledge of aught that is connected with the divine. Suffice it to say, I remained passive,—I, who, in point of fact, could remain passive to nothing in the world ! Hence I am inclined to believe that the Lutheran doctrine of the utter inability of the will, as soon as it referred to heavenly things, acted upon me, although I was unconscious of it, even as the climate acts upon the physical nature. May not an analogy be found be-

tween the nature of body and soul? Decidedly there may. And so I may be considered as having been infected with the universal Lutheran torpor.

At the sermons and speeches I had an opportunity of hearing in the crowded churches, that were so densely filled as to look as if they had been paved with human heads, I sat down on the lowest step of the altar, and wept until I was weary and weak, to think that those words were not addressed to me, and that I was a stranger there. The sermons pleased me excessively. Warm, intuitive, practical, natural, with sudden application to actual life, they had a something so wonderfully vivid in them, that I, in my ignorance, thought it must be peculiar to the national character. Now, I know better. It was not the Irish, but the Catholic way of preaching, which is just as warm and touching as the monologues which the Protestants deliver from the pulpit are foreign and cold.

I left Ireland with the hope and the promise to revisit it—and for a longer period—and then to try if I could write something about “the Emerald Gem of the western world.”

The impressions I had received in England operated upon my mind during the whole of the succeeding winter, and Germany became so intolerable to me, that I considered it as a positive misfortune to have been born a German. “Thou hast neither fatherland or church!” I continually repeated to my-

self. "No, thou hast no fatherland ! Shall it be Mecklenburg, where thou wast born,—or Holstein, where the home of thy ancestors is,—or Prussia, or Saxony, where thou hast lived,—or Austria, that thou lovest ? No, the feeling of nationality must arise from a store of beloved remembrances, connected with venerable institutions, which have passed over into national consciousness, and find their centre in the love of the reigning house, or in the ancient form of government, by means of which unity and sympathy are produced in the great body of the community. I can comprehend the patriotism of the Prussians, the Austrians, or the Bavarians, but I cannot feel it, because I cannot apply it anywhere. The German language gives me a certain something that approximates to patriotism—but only the language, for with the German character I have no particular sympathy. Their constant boasting of intelligence, refinement, intellect, is so empty and superficial, their estimation of feeling runs into such sentimentality; their worship of science is prejudiced and trivial, that each fills the situation of an artisan in the fabric which works for the general refinement of the world,—each diligently plies away at a little wheel, without having the least presentiment of the construction of the whole machine. Intense power of action, extension of mental survey, and fancy—are all wanting ; and I have sympathy only for those three things, for in them lies practical

life, mental life, and the life of the will, all combined. Germany has no internal life—I cannot remain in Germany! If I had a church, a great, universal religious community to attach myself to, I should require no fatherland, for that would compensate for the want of an earthly, by giving me a heavenly country; but Germany has nothing to offer to her children—no church—nothing but waste paper, whether in libraries or bookshops. I am tired of all their books—and of my own above all, for it is not worth while to write if one has not under his feet the firm ground of a fatherland to rest on—nor over his head the canopy of a church.”

How often have I expressed myself thus to a friend, who was that—what I so painfully felt I was not—an Englishwoman and a Catholic—and who could not understand my lamentations, because she knew not what it was to be the opposite. Since that time, she has made a deeper acquaintance with the state of Germany, and has learnt to comprehend my complaints. Perhaps they were somewhat exaggerated, if not in the sentiment, at least, in the expression. Saxony was so undermined and eaten out by political radicalism and religious rationalism, that one could throw no anchor into the dangerous bog, to steady oneself against the spring floods that threatened to destroy all. Nowhere could the eye rest upon a something positive, which was vigorously

upheld to stem the coming tide, and just because I was conscious of a want of positive basis in myself, I longed to find it elsewhere, in order to have a something that, like a conductor for the electric fluid, might turn the strokes of passion or of arbitrary will aside, or render them harmless; and also to direct the glance towards it as the ark of hope that promised deliverance from the deluge that everybody had learned to look upon as approaching. The parties had not began to separate themselves from each other—all were mixed like pap together. To refuse to see any one on account of his political opinion, and if that opinion declared open war against all that existed, and consequently open war against those who supported the existing governments or states of social life, that is to say, all who like us were not democrats—was called aristocratic, haughty and exclusive. To be considered aristocratic I always thought an honour, because the whole history of the world shows that aristocratic governments and institutions have given to states and individuals dignity and moral might, by their defence of justice, and duration as well as a gradual development of their life, by being based upon an equilibrium kept up between the different classes and ranks of society; whilst the democratic institutions based on the crooked principle of equality always aim at a something impossible, and consequently produce the most crooked



and perverted results, through which individuals and states must decline not only morally—that is to be taken for granted—but even materially. Therefore, to be aristocratic, I regard at all times, in every conceivable circumstance or position, as an honour; and to be called exclusive—I also have no objection. But for haughty; I had no desire to pass, when there was no cause for it; and so I have often had the pleasure of receiving persons in my house—and just at that time—that it would even to this hour be a riddle to me to say why they came to see me, if the universal gelatinous condition of things in those days did not explain it, when all, of whatever faith, party, or colour they might have belonged to, were incapable of energetically drawing a line between themselves and their enemies.

To this came the German prejudice in favour of a multifarious application of mental power—that is to say, a universality of studies, a superficial knowledge of every thing, and a profound knowledge of nothing, —together with the suspicious presumption of standing above all parties—and the unwholesome, nerveless, dissolving of all elements into each other may be better conceived than explained. Above all parties, he alone can stand, who with his whole life, his will and aspirations, has devoted himself to an aim, an end, that is superior to them all, who works with his whole being for a higher order of things than the passing

questions of the day he lives in—the great statesman, the great artist, or, better still, the saint who lives to God, the souls that work on earth for God—such men stand above all parties. Their glance falls on the future, whereas party spirit refers but to the present, so that their nature raises them above it, separates them as a natural consequence from it. But we deceive ourselves when we fancy we stand above all parties, or we live in the fog that envelopes all and every thing, and seeing nothing, clearly persuade ourselves we are raised above them all.

I did not deceive myself by fancying any thing of the sort; I merely thought the whole life and motion of the world so insupportable, that I fell into a state of unutterable melancholy. One day, somebody said to me, he had heard that I meant to turn Catholic, and then to become a lady of the order of the Diamond Cross in Vienna. I had been so accustomed to hear the most extraordinary and ridiculous inventions and falsehoods about myself, that I always laughed when they were related to me. The idea that, for the sake of an external honour, I should be capable of taking such an important step, would have amused me at any other time; but then I answered very seriously:—

“ I wish I were a Catholic—not to become one of the ladies of the order of the Diamond Cross, but to become a nun.”

The person to whom I said this, cried out in asto-

nishment. I asked him if he thought the world so pleasant as to deserve a single sigh of sorrow on taking leave of it for ever—or withdrawing from a scene of illusion, delusion, and falsehood, where amongst millions scarcely one had a heart that beat for truth? He coincided in my opinions on the world. And notwithstanding that, still object to the convent? The convent—no! that he would not hear of.

My sufferings were inexpressible, but not to be forgotten. It was in spring, and the month of May was beautiful, full of sunshine and bright foliage, and the scent of the acacias, of which there are so many in Dresden. Sometimes I walked up and down in the mild spring air until two or three o'clock in the morning, in the balcony of my lodgings, and with a heart so heavy in my bosom as if the whole earth were weighing upon it. All that I had reached and attained—was not that which I had longed for! What was there, then, left on earth, what above the earth? I read over and over again the Confessions of St. Augustine; or rather I should say the end of the fifth chapter in Book VIII., where he compares himself to a sleeper, who lies between dreaming and waking, and, almost against his will, feels the condition so agreeable as to hinder him from resolving to awake. But he knows, notwithstanding, that he must do so, and in half sleep speaks imploringly: "Directly,—directly! only a moment longer!" And this

“Tout à l’heure ! tout à l’heure ! encore un moment !” thrilled day and night through my soul. I likewise knew that it could not continue as it was in me—but I knew not what to do, which way I should turn. The days, the hours were so long that no occupation could fill them out ; that was because in all my occupations I was only there with half my soul, with a moiety of my heart. I looked beyond them all, far, far off, towards no decided goal, but into Infinity, which I yearned to be a part of, no matter how ! as an elementary or spiritual being—only to be released from the torture of dissatisfaction, which I felt in every thing of the earth. With these undefinable desires ; with a something unattainable flashing continually before my soul ; with the consciousness that there was nothing in the whole wide world that could have induced me to say, after I had once looked steadfastly at it, in this I can rest for all eternity ;—I was like a swimmer in the wide ocean, who dreams of a coast on which he may be thrown and saved, and yet continually whispers to himself:—It is not here ! It is not here ! This wave will not bring me to it ! Then I suddenly composed myself again, and tried to persuade myself that my insatiable spiritual appetites arose from the habit of ever seeking fresh nourishment for them. And I began to force myself to a sort of satisfaction, that was just enough to give the superfluous of existence an apparent calmness. Or I

soothed myself for a moment with the thought that perhaps some future day might see a conversion like that of St. Augustine worked on me.

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My Lord and my God ! thou wast never weary of knocking at my soul ; but ah ! I let thee not in. A circumstance that made a great impression on me at that time was, that a man to whom I had never spoken, who was known to me but by sight, wrote to me—to implore me to think of my soul, adding, I should not wonder at the sympathy he testified for my salvation, for, during many years, the whole time he had known me (if a casual meeting in the public promenade, which sometimes was not once in the twelvemonth, could be so called,) he had prayed morning and evening for my soul, to her Divine Redeemer. The idea of a man praying for my soul touched me more than I can describe, because it showed a sympathy that was not merely earthly or human, but extended to the Heavenly and Eternal. But the books he proposed to me, with the desire of promoting my eternal welfare (Jacob Böhme, Swedenborg, and St. Martin), were not very enticing. Oh ! what use was mystic theology, theosophy, and philosophy to still the hunger of my soul after a strong, healthy, positive doctrine ? She required food and nourishment, but refused to satisfy herself

on smoke. I was once more absorbed in the study of my beloved prophets, and in the answer which I gave to the letter, I said, "God would certainly not permit a soul to be lost that clung so eagerly to the words of the two greatest prophets. 'I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine!' and 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee;' for these words contain a promise, and he who believes it, will partake of its fulfilment."

My sister-in-law, an orthodox Lutheran, once asked me, what my opinions on religion were. I repeated these words of the prophets to her, that included all my creed. But I spoke so warmly about my faith, which in fact was nothing but a hope, and proved to her I was so convinced of its truth, and of the necessity of clinging to it, that my sister-in-law, in spite of her Lutheranism, began to have strong doubts if, after all, I should be excluded from heaven.

Perhaps some may be inclined to think I was not sincere in my search, and not persevering enough; but that was not the case; but one thing that must not be forgotten is, I was no Christian, for I did not believe in a revealed religion, and for this reason, I had no church from which I could receive a revealed religion. I stood with my favourite prophets in the porch, and longed to enter the temple, because

the soul yearned for the moment that was to lead her from the promise to its fulfilment—and yet was consigned to a banishment in the porch. But I remained there, because in that porch I had found an entire word—to be sure, only a promise, nothing more than an assurance, but yet an entire word and without contradiction; consequently, with my absolute character, and my love of truth at any price, it was far more homonegeous, than the fragmentary, imperfect, wavering doctrine which, on the other side of the porch, outside the temple, sounded from pulpit and desk. I stood without, before the door of truth—yes, but I stood not in the midst of falsehood. From the prophets who had announced the Son of God, I went straight to the Son of God, as soon as I knew where he was to be found. Through Luther and the reformers, it never entered my head to seek Him, for their human word never comprehended the Divine word, never! I could become a Christian only in the moment that I became a Catholic; and here I must ask a serious question, know you not that heresies had made their appearance in the world fourteen hundred years before Luther, and that each had maintained in its turn, that it, and it only, possessed the pure christian doctrine? The same thing was maintained by Luther, Calvin, and all the rest of them, who were also genuine heretics. But perhaps you know nothing at all about it, and sincerely mean

to say, the Holy Ghost kept alive the spirit of Christianity in the church for the first few hundred years, and then He fell asleep, as one may say, and she, the church, being left to herself, fell into the snares of Antichrist, until suddenly in the sixteenth century a whole swarm of Messiahs came forth afresh to revive the pure spirit of Christianity ; the one in the Lutheran, the other in the Calvinist, the third in the Anglican, and the fourth in the reformed shape, but each and all, the pure, genuine, unadulterated Christianity, and with that you satisfy yourselves. But has the harlequin jacket of the Reformation never struck you as odd and ridiculous when compared to the purple mantle of the church? and still more so, when you remember that the showy patchwork out of which it is made was begun by the heresies of the second century, so that your Reformers had hundreds of predecessors in their work, as God may permit them to have hundreds of successors, because the church on earth is militant, and it must be so, in order to become, after unwearied victories, the church triumphant in heaven. How can you have been so much pleased with the showy rag? Can you attach a single great or good idea to it? Scarcely. I know very well that you connect one idea with it, but that is neither great or good. You think well, it is at all events the armour of all who go to fight against the Papacy. Yes, you are right; and for



that reason you consent to accept the showy patchwork. But what have been the consequences of the campaign against the Papacy? A mournful apostacy from the truth, through which the empire of Evil has been increased on earth, and the misery of innumerable souls effectuated. But the purple mantle of the church remains untouched, in one piece, without a seam, like the vesture of the Saviour. It is coloured with the blood of her martyrs, with the glowing love of her saints, it bespeaks the majesty of her great men, and is bright with the glory of the Eternal sacrifice of life and blood, body and property, that is offered up for it, and with the brilliancy of that blessing which it has diffused over the whole globe for more than eighteen centuries. The unity of faith gives it its strength and durability—the efficiency with which that faith passes over into the life of nations and individuals, gives it its glowing colour.

Unity strengthens our faith; glory inflames our love; the first changes not according to the wild fancies of the human mind; the second kindles not its flame at the bright fancies of the human heart; but both are rooted firmly in the revelation of the Divine word—in that unchangeable word which beholds heresies rise and fall, come and go—and with undeviating fidelity propagates the Christian doctrine from age to age, from generation to generation. Oh! that

faithfulness, that immutability, are they not just what the poor wavering heart requires to find rest in the eternal certainty from all the faithfulness and changeableness which it finds in every thing earthly, in itself, in its friends, in its joys and wishes and endeavours, which are so mutable that a breath of wind, a word, a grain of sand, or a drop of water is sufficient to turn it to the very opposite from that for which it has been beating and glowing for a space of ten years. For thus is it constituted—not my heart, nor thy heart, thou soul that I know not ;—but the Human Heart. That inquietude, that yearning, that despondency, that faintness, that wish to take heaven by storm, that likeness to dust and ashes, that confidence in our own steadfastness, the consciousness of a past crisis, when the certainty of a future culmination was boasted of—that exaltation of spirit, and sudden sinking, that thirst which found no gratification—who is there that knows it not ? Who has not struggled through the whole a thousand, and a thousand times ? Who has not longed to deliver the heart from that destructive whirlwind, and bring it to a haven of peace ? Well, we can give it peace, we have only to fill it with divine truth, and it will no longer be driven blindly by the wind, but find its centre of gravity—it will be full, for truth fills to the utmost one can desire ; it will be bright, for truth gives the clearest light ; strong, for it gives confidence to the strength of grace ;—firm,

for it leans against a rock;—secure, for it hides itself under the purple mantle that covers and protects its own to all eternity. And now tell me, thou soul that I know not, but yet love, what does thy harlequin jacket for thee? Thy reformer, or whatever he may be denominated, came and patched the rag of his poor opinion on the mass of other rags, many of which are so tattered and rotten, that one can scarcely recognise their original colour—just as the name of their founder is almost forgotten. Does it not appear clear to thee, on a little reflection, that thy reformer's coloured rag has to expect the same fate? What dost thou know of the Gnostic and Manicheans, of the Ebionites and Marcionites? Very little, fortunately! But does it not occur to thee, that in a few centuries from this time Calvinists and Lutherans will be just as little known? Heresies die away, and even if they have had power to transform the whole earth for a while—still they die away! The church alone has the “words of eternal life;” she alone has from the beginning been the announcer of the doctrine of Christ, because she has been and is the Christian church. Heresies are excrescences, are morbid appearances of the human mind in Christianity—nothing more.

That striving, that wrestling of my soul to reach God, did not take the road through the heresies of the age, but as far as instinct, or forethought, or com-

mon sense pointed out to me : I put them aside as fragments and patchwork. I always and in all things desired a something entire, a whole ; not even ninety-nine parts of a hundred was enough for me.

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IN the September of 1847 I went to Italy, with the intention of spending the winter months in Sicily. The ground of life was undermined every where, so that a little more or less fermentation, in the one place or the other, occasioned me no fear. Every one who had taken the trouble to think, expected a political and social earthquake. But how far it might extend, or how we should behave when the moment arrived, we knew not.

In Vienna, I discussed the subject one evening, until a very late hour of the night, with a dear friend, who had directed his attention to the particular study of communism in all its branches, and he seemed to attribute to it, as I thought, too much regenerative power. It was my opinion that those high-sounding words—equality, fraternity, community—could only have a real meaning attached to them when they were used in a religious sense, and only then have a wholesome influence on mankind when religion made them take root in the heart of man. But to raise forms of government on such a basis as the Communism of these days, appeared to me then, as incom-

prehensible as I now believe it to be impossible. If religion were powerful enough within us to excite that love to the heart which faith alone can implant there, the world would stand under the influence of a very different sort of fraternity from that which Communism, with its inefficient external laws, dreams of producing ;—for these laws would annul the law of love, and brotherhood without love is a torturing constraint—is something like two galley-slaves bound to one chain.

In Venice, the great festivities were just over, that had been given in honour of the scientific men of Europe. Ah! what a sad time it was! That reciprocal complimenting and crowning with laurels that bragging and boasting of intellect, and ever intellect—of science and again science—of learning and learning, over and over again, was so vain, so empty, so exaggerated, so far removed from the healthy, harmonious development of man, that I could not contemplate it without aversion, and I often said, when I heard intellect so overvalued:—

“To me, a single man of honour and character, who refuses to bow and scrape to the right and left, out of greediness for popular fame, is more welcome than a hundred men of intellect and science.”

I could but half enjoy the beautiful antiquities of Ravenna—one of the most extraordinary, but least visited towns of Italy—because I was haunted by

the history of the Emperor Honorius, who quietly fed his poultry in Ravenna, whilst Alaric marched with his Goths against Rome and took possession of it, his courtiers looking on the while, without venturing to tell their monarch how things really stood in his empire. That was a dreadful, but true picture of the many who in our days lived rapt up in dreams, chimeras, theories, and neither could or would perceive that the world was about to be attacked by barbarians, that barbarians threatened to overwhelm it. For radicalism, in my opinion, has never been anything better than barbarism ; it has aimed at destroying that balance in the life of nations which is favourable to the development of all their powers, and tried to place the idea of equality in its stead—that by laming and hindering all those powers, must infallibly occasion abuse.

It was a melancholy journey ! Nowhere were the impressions of the past, of art or of nature, powerful enough to prevent the view of the present, which one saw breathing its last before one's eyes !

Whilst in Rome, I read a book that enjoyed an extraordinary celebrity just then, and placed one of the falsest crowns on the brow of its author, that man ever wore. The brilliancy with which it is written did not dazzle me—thank God ! I find in my diary :—

“Rome, October 22nd, 1847. Just finished read-

ing Lamartine's *Histoire des Girondins*. No book ever left on me so deep an impression of horror, grief, and despondency. A disgust for the whole human race comes over me, when I think that these are to be called its heroes. The active part of them are bewildered, intoxicated, flagitious, and fanatical heads; the passive portion are a herd of slaves. Men are to be found nowhere, only heads, in which nebulous, utopian, selfish ideas, impracticable theories, and incomprehensible systems of philosophy, course incoherently one after the other; human beings they were not! not a heart, nor a soul, nor a conscience! not a single ordinary human heart, not a single ordinary human fist was to be found amongst them. Drunken! Drunken! and still drunken! I repeated, each time that a new revolutionary faction came uppermost to disappear again under the guillotine; the one drunk with materialism, the other with a false spiritualism; drunken—all! hence tottering, groping, vacillating—and decided only out of fear or cruelty—never out of conscientiousness. None of them a conscience, for none of them had a heart! The heart distinguishes right from wrong; but the head can distort both, by the sophistry which it learns to use in its crooked and empty explanations, and which it has extracted from its theoretical or philosophical knowledge. The more I read about that revolution, the more execrable does it appear to me—particu-

larly when an attempt is made to dignify it as in this book. Oh! that Madame Roland—how I detest her; that representative of the tiers-état, in all its envy, its tinsel phraseology, its bombastic, and wretchedly imperfect attempts to fill the place of the better classes, in its performances of great words, without great actions, and in its vain overvaluing of self! And this creature I am told to admire!—Oh! that Robespierre! how I hate him!—that skeleton of a man! who, with his pitiful mania for systematising, logically arrived at the guillotine! And am I to admire him too? Or the stiff necked fanatic St. Just? Or Philippe Egalité? Or the whole company of the Girondins, who appear to their greatest advantage at table, with Madame Roland, throwing rose-leaves into their wine-glasses—to revive the ancient symposiac—performers, all of them!—No! I hate them all, for they lived in falsehood! never! never! can I believe that they reached the climax of monstrosity to which they came, through a blindness of mind that could be called innocent! Such darkness of conscience is the result of deep, self-inured guilt. But most of all do I hate Lamartine himself, who, at the time that he depicts that morass of horror, baseness, madness, and deception, speaks notwithstanding of the revolution as of a something quite sublime, that was obliged to pass through all the crimes of the period, to walk upwards to the clouds



—and for that we are to regard it as wonderful and admirable. But so double-tongued, no one has a right to be, Mons. De Lamartine. Cast away your unworthy greediness for popularity! You see that it saved none of them when the decisive moment came—neither Egalité, nor Danton, nor Robespierre. You write over all their graves, ‘Morts pour l’avenir, et ouvriers de l’humanité!’ Voluntary workers for the executioner, you denominate Ouvriers de l’humanité? Oh! woe to the future that would accept this legacy of blood.”

I have extracted this passage from my diary, to convey some notion of the feelings of horror with which I heard, four months later, that this very Mons. De Lamartine had taken into his hand the reins of government in France—into those hands that were too weak to direct even a pen straightforwardly. But I am not writing a history of that mournful winter, nor of the revolution in Palermo and Naples, to which I was a witness, nor of the revolutions in France and Germany, which, thank God! I did not witness. From the fevered state of affairs in Naples, I went for two months to the solitude of Sorrento, to think over the possibility or advisableness of a return to Germany, and above all to combat with the despair that threatened to break my heart when I contemplated the condition of German affairs. I say, despair, yes! for behind all those

revolts and commotions, those misdeeds and abominations, those performances and fine phrases, that arrogance and cowardice, I saw a something else advancing to destroy all, to swallow up everything—radicalism, the last stage of democracy, for which the path had been so readily opened, as if democracy could have averted the ruin into which it precipitated itself and all that adhered to it.

For the pain that then gnawed my very vitals, I have now no words left; for since I have belonged to the church, I behold all the phenomena of the time only in reference to her; and as she for whose destruction the whole was concocted and intended, has not only escaped destruction, but has grown freer and stronger, and more certain than ever of a future, as, up to the present moment, she alone has been able to gain the fresh air that gives her power to live her own life, while all worldly institutions are scarcely able to breathe; so the eye glides hopefully over all that intervenes, to rest tranquilly on her, to whom the glorification that she deserves is ever given, and is then the nearest to her when under scourgings and contempt, crowned with thorns and covered with disgrace, she walks the Via Crucis, the closer to Calvary and the nearer to the resurrection.

Here follow a few extracts from my diary, and some letters which I wrote at that period, and which may give the expression and colour of the gnawing

grief I then experienced, but which I could not now describe. It was so vehement that my health suffered more from it than it ever had from any of my own griefs, and the wound was so deep that it has done more than anything else to sever me from a world—or at least to prepare my entire separation from a world that from henceforth must ever remind me of the cavern of Trophonius, into which he who has once looked can never smile again, so sad does the remembrance of its horrors make him. But I have no design of remaining ever sad about that which is earthly and perishable, and therefore I turn myself towards the Eternal, in order to forget it all.

I wrote to a friend in Dresden:—"Naples, March 14th, 1848. It has been a dreadful winter, so thoroughly calculated to make the heart so heavy in the bosom, as to render the tongue silent. The explosion has taken place in Paris; after the many preludes the tragedy has begun. I have felt as if I have been standing under a cloud charged with lightning, and threatening to shatter me to atoms. Now I prepare to behold the combat between barbarism and civilization, which will begin; not in books or journals, but in manifestations of savage force. Radicalism is barbarism, because it abolishes balance and contrast, without which the development of nations and individuals is impossible, and attempts to place in their stead an absurd anarchical despotic equality. When

ancient Rome, when the old Grecian republics had been corroded by the worm of radicalism, the emperor Augustus took it in hand in the one, and Philip the conqueror in the other, and they destroyed it, but that was in the olden time. Do you think that the feeble modern age is capable of withstanding it? I believe not. That the moment would and must arrive in France which we have outlived, was to have been foreseen; when justice has ceased to govern, uncontrolled will must govern, which in all its forms must expect to be overthrown by uncontrolled will. The revolution of 1789, which pretended to oppose the arbitrariness of the king and the privileged classes, made arbitrariness the common property of all. The guillotine proceeded arbitrarily—Napoleon likewise, both were tyrannical, and that made an impression. When the restoration attempted to proceed on arbitrary principles, it was overthrown, for it was not tyrannic. The caprice of arbitrariness invented the sovereignty of the people, that struggled for eighteen years against a mob government, and was at last precipitated by the arbitrary will of the people, because it was not tyrannic. This is the natural order of things. France must sink to the deepest point of the abyss, for epochs, like individuals, must live until they must die, that is to say, they must exhaust their vitality. Mob government is the last stage of the revolutionary epoch, is

the last consequence of the democratic principle of equality. Therefore I am neither astonished or confounded at what has occurred. But that which has filled me with the utmost contempt, is the cowardice, unparalleled in the history of the world, with which the sovereignty of the people has been brought to a close. The government had 100,000 men—had the fortified metropolis of France—and bursts like a bubble, without resistance, without defending itself, or striving to maintain its place. All take flight—king, princes, ministers, vanish like shadows. Never was an overthrow covered with such disgrace as that form of the vain and boasting *tiers-état*—as the sovereignty of the people. And wherefore the cowardly flight? Because the monarchy believed not in itself! Because it was conscious of arbitrariness, but not conscious of its divine right to govern. The monarch who believes in that may be conquered: yes! but after a brave defence, like Charles the First. Do you know anything so miserable as moral cowardice? I do not. Do you think that we shall not see it in the degree in Germany? I would hope not, but I believe we shall!"

On the 17th of March I wrote, "Such an unexampled disappearance of all the elements on which a form of government had been grounded for eighteen years, history has never recorded. Only one thing appears clear in the midst of so much that is incomprehensible—the complete incapacity of the *tier-états*

with its principle of equality, to give a state durability, or a nation dignity. It was in possession of all the materials that were necessary; but the moral power failed! And that can only be represented in a state by the aristocratic element, because that includes the great tradition of honour, which is intimately connected with the hereditary privileges and dignities of the nobility. A sovereignty of the people is like a head, surmounting arms and legs, without having any real connexion with them. The aristocratic element represents the heart, the living centre of life; it infuses vitality and strength—the grand sources of durability. Where it fails, the form soon falls to pieces, because the organic union between head and members is wanting. The artificial, which the temporary necessity of a moment may produce, is no guarantee for its vitality, and is, in fact, only one of the many forms of uncontrolled arbitrariness. The sovereignty of the people was an excellent prelude for the sovereignty of the mob, the aim of radicalism; and thereby only one thing can give me any comfort,—the life of Sulla. He was four years old when the revolt of Tiberius Gracchus took place; seventeen at the death of Cajus; fifty-eight when he resigned his office of vengeance—the Dictatorship; from which we see that the whole period of the domination of democracy in ancient Rome had gone through its various phases in the space of about fifty years, beginning with a de-

magogical form of government, and ending with a dictatorship. France will not hold out longer than ancient Rome."

All this was written before the intelligence arrived from Germany. That the German demagogues should conceive themselves in duty bound to imitate the French, and get up a revolution, was a thing to be anticipated. But that which I likewise expected, was an armed resistance,—a resistance to the very last drop of blood,—a resistance that resulted from the consciousness of right,—from the determination to fight for justice and honour, even unto death, and if the downfall could not be averted for a single second. But there was nothing of the kind! It pierced my heart like a sword. No feeling of justice or honour! And to that nation I belonged! What had I done to deserve such disgrace? In silent sadness I let my arms sink, as if they had lost their power of motion, whenever I took into my hands a letter from Germany. I wrote thus to my mother:—

"Sorrento; Villa Rispoli, April 2, 1848.—As we got into the carriage that brought us here, they were expecting a republican tumult in Naples, although they have extorted a democratic constitution by dint of the revolution. But do not believe that which all seem to believe in Germany—that peace is to be restored by giving the people the representative form of government, which they call constitutions. Radicalism

is not to be satisfied so easily. It wishes to make a *tabula rasa*, that is the extreme end and the unavoidable ulterior consequence of the democratic principle of equality that now threatens the whole of Europe with barbarism. For at the point of artificial and complicated civilization at which Europe now stands, a demagogical government—in which the wheels of the over-refined machine whiz and whirl wildly one over another—is anarchy, and that precipitates into barbarism. Shall I attempt to describe my misery? Oh! dear mother, it is impossible to describe it! for that I must first discover new words—the old ones are insufficient. I cannot conquer the pain of knowing I am a German. I feel as if I were brand-marked in belonging to a nation that for years has been carrying the grand words, nation, rights, national consciousness, and all sorts of nationality on the tongue, in order to prove when the decisive moment came that it never could have comprehended their meaning. For if she had comprehended their meaning, she would not have trod in the footsteps of the French, she would not have laughed at the club of fifty who are sitting, or who are to sit, in Frankfort; she would revolt at the thought of having an Emperor of the Germans palmed upon her with the fall of a king of the French before their eyes. Ah! free institutions, that is to say, honest institutions, that do not shut the fore door, to leave the back door open,



like the laws for restricting the press—with what joy would I welcome them! But in the present time, with the present people, under the present circumstances, to demand them after the example of the French—that could not give me a moment's pleasure! No, never! Before I return to Germany I must have conquered the despair that gnaws at my heart, and I know not if I shall be able to do so."

"Villa Rispoli, April 14.—But what an incomprehensible blindness is that in Germany, with the example of France before their eyes, and at their side, lo! christian radicalism, with the name of freedom, and with idiotic short-sightedness to fall into its gulf! What a moral and mental weakness! what a morbid brain! what incapacity to produce healthy thoughts, is evident in this ignorant blindness. And with that blindness they expect to usher in a new era. Oh, God! a new era must derive its birth from the heart, the womb of life, and the hearts of men are crumbled to pieces from the excess of philosophy and learning. But every other birth is the introduction of a changeling, and that thing which the parliament of Frankfort is about to hatch will be a changeling of the first order.

At last the measure was filled by the intelligence that arrived from Holstein, from the once so happy and blessed Holstein, that now, as I am writing these lines, is drinking the cup of bitterness to the

dregs, the bitter cup of the demagogue mismanagement. I wrote to my brother—

“But you of the nobility, are you mad? are you deaf and blind? Perceive you not that the advocates want to knead Holstein into the pap of German republicanism? Why do you not unite instantly in protesting against this provisional government?”

Oh, those days in Sorrento, with their cutting contrast between a beautiful paradise of nature, the high mountains and the wide sea, islands and volcano, all dyed in the enchanting variety of light and in the fulness of vegetation, shewing the whole magnificence of the whole creation, enclosed, as it were, in a frame, and an insignificant human heart, whose grief was so intense, whose melancholy was so deep, whose pain was so gnawing, that in spite of its insignificance it made the whole transcendent beauty of the landscape dark—yes! even dead. I can never forget it. The world, so beautiful as God had made it,—so horrible as man had rendered it! but its beauty no longer absorbed and intoxicated me as before. The thickets of oranges and olives that surrounded the villa, terminate with the rugged rocks that overhang the sea, and render the coast of Sorrento so picturesque and fantastic, that one constantly expects to hear the syrens from its grottoes and caverns enchanting the ear with melody, as the eye is charmed

with beauty. On the external edge of the precipice there are the remains of an ancient theatre, its foundation has been undermined by the flood of waters and the powerful action of the constantly extending roots of the olive trees have combined to destroy it. There I took my seat every evening, when the sun sank behind the Epomea of Ischia, when heaven and ocean were dissolved in a rosy glow, like two divinities, who meet in an immortal embrace and fall on the coast that is brilliant as a crown of diamonds, lovely as a wreath of blossoms as it receives them; and when the rosy glow gradually deepened into purple, then violet, then blue, and at length silver grey, and the waves beneath beat louder against the rocks, and from the ridge of the mountains a rustle of oaks and olives, of mulberries and oranges answered them. When the night came down on this rustling, which seemed like the foaming of her mighty wings, and she majestically threw her star-bedecked veil over the conquered earth, as a melancholy victor who hides from his own sight the battle-field of earth, covered with the dead and wounded. There I sat for hours together, or walked up and down, and watched with emotion the changes of the lights and shadows, I was conscious of the beauty of nature, because it is overpowering, as is all that comes immediately from the hand of God. But on the other side of the scales I threw my aching heart,

filled with the one thought—why does not the world defend itself against falsehood and slavery, which the evil principle endeavours to force on it? I ask for no brilliant conquest—only struggle, resistance—only the display of the most uncompromising and most invincible contempt, nothing else. But if it cannot summon courage for that, if it chooses to creep under the yoke of slavery and falsehood, where, oh ! my soul, wilt thou take refuge? What canst thou do, and where canst thou fly? where? where? And there was not in the whole of the great and beautiful world, one point, one little spot in connexion with which I thought; there, yes, there is salvation for thee. No country, no nation, no solitude, no mountain or desert, or island, nowhere appeared to me a haven towards which I could with confidence have turned. Not to the Orient did I wish to fly—not to the Occident—but higher, higher than both, far above all.

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Oh, ye days in Sorrento, your memory is sweet and melancholy to me as the last days of an intense passion. Oh, how passionately had I once loved nature ! How I could lose myself in the beauties of light, and air, and colour, until I became like a mere dream born of them, and wishing for no other distinct ex-

istence. Never was a day too long, an exertion too great, a distance too great, that was to be rewarded by the sight of a new feature in the ever-new and ever-beautiful face of nature. How its charms have soothed, tranquillised, refreshed me ! acting at once as a loom for fancy's web and a soft bed for my heart, which quietly reposed upon those fixed laws whose unalterableness is veiled in majesty and grace. But all that was suddenly changed ! Nature, which had afforded me a balsam for every woe, a lullaby for every sorrow, could point out to me no Lethe for the greatest sorrow of my life ; and whether it be from thoughtfulness or thoughtlessness, I know not ; whether it be wise or ungrateful, I will not take upon me to say ; but thus much is certain, that all which in the great and decisive moments of my life, in the critical or culminating points of my internal existence has not stood by me, or has appeared pale, weak, faded, insufficient, foreign to me in those moments, whether of persons or things, can never again appear to me in renovated brightness ; the feeling which I had at the first connected with it expires, and can never be revived, for love has but one life, or no life ; it is eternal, or was never anything but a *Fata Morgana* of eternity.

Well, even the passing phenomena of sea or desert have their attractions ! And nature must ever retain hers, because she comes fresh out of the hand of the

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Deity, and cannot be deformed by the intervention of man. But that love which I once had for her died in Sorrento! I can still rejoice over the beauties of Nature, Oh yes! But no longer can I unite the sentiment of hope with anything earthly. Hope exists in me only in reference to heavenly and immortal gifts, such as revelations of divine mysteries or divine beauty, and inspirations of divine knowledge. Nature proved to me but the promiser and distributor of earthly blessings, for she had no antidote against the pains that tore my very heart's strings.

In July I returned to Germany; to Dresden, Berlin, and Holstein; and my grief assumed a new aspect.

"Stupified with astonishment, I behold the universal confusion," I wrote, "for it is enough to stupify one to know that in moments of such frightful importance, not a single statesman, gifted with talents or character necessary for his post, stands upon the great stage of political affairs. Mediocrity, without genius or moral strength, guides the helm, and boasts of power; and where mediocrity cannot maintain its position, there the men of destruction stand at their work, whose foreheads seem to me to be all brand-marked. Nowhere can the eye light on a man of eminence, in whose worth and strength the hopes of the day could concentrate—nowhere can we trace the movements of a wise, efficient mind,

whose opinions one could support, and to whose party one could attach oneself. It is lamentably evident that opposition and statesman-like qualities do not go hand-in-hand in Germany. In England, an opposition would be laughed at that did not number in its ranks a single man capable of assuming the office of Prime Minister ; but here they live in the stupid, idiotic faith, of having a multiplicity of genius in the party that cries out against law, government, and ancient customs. But it will not be long ere those geniuses fall to the ground like dead nuts, unable to resist the first gust of wind that blows against them—and heartily glad I shall be to see it !”

How these few months have tended to degrade the minds of men, to develop gross propensities that lead to grossness and vulgarity, where one little expected to find them ! This is not less surprising than dreadful. Where democracy has the upper hand, nobility of soul is lost ; envy here, envy there, envy everywhere ! envy is its *character indelebilis* ! Envy in every shape, of which the oft-told tale of Aristides the Just gives a celebrated example ! How pernicious must the levelling principle, which forms the basis of all democratic institutions, be, when, instead of exciting the soul to a noble emulation on beholding that which is great and distinguished, it awakens in her a furious desire of dragging it down

as quickly as possible into the dust and dirt of her own level, and infuses a malicious joy at the idea of being able to do so. The equalising principle teaches each to look upon the existence of virtue, genius, character, rank, riches, name or fame, superior to what he possesses, as a personal indignity offered to himself. Low natures may luxuriate upon the rank soil of such a moral morass ; and as every one must choose the locality and atmosphere that agrees with him, I should make no objection to their doing so. But that those whom the world has held for able and honourable men should meanly endeavour to slide into the same slough, and by dint of flattery persuade the crowd that they acknowledge it as the genuine throne on which was born the sovereign of the people,—that is a disgrace to the age. And if such mode of proceeding is to become generally recognised in Europe, may God be merciful, and let me die first !” \* \* \* \* \*

“ Like the Upas tree, whose poisonous atmosphere diffuses death—so operate these times on me—they are killing my soul. Every time has its mephitic vapours, but that which I have just outlived had them to such an excess, that the air is still filled with the miasma of things that lie rotting around us. Few have suffered more from those suffocating vapours than I have, and few have so openly complained against them. But celestial hope ventured to spread



her wings even in such an atmosphere, and bid me expect that in the midst of calamities which were inevitable, the better portion of mankind would collect their energies in the defence of truth, and represent the principle of good, by fighting for the good cause. Instead of that, mankind appear to be so weak and exhausted as not to be able to prefer truth and justice to falsehood and wrong. They shrink from throwing down the glove to challenge the enormous lie. To challenge the noble lie! Oh no, that might give offence!—might hurt the feelings of the glorious spirit of wrong! and make confusion worse confounded. And after all, even out of that confusion some good may arise!—Thus do men speak, think, and act. Some good may arise? Yes, if by that an earnest reaction be meant, I admit it. Or if it signify, the devil has been obliged, ere now, to build a church against his will, I admit it also. But then oblige him to do it; wishes are insufficient. If, however, any one means to tell me that some good may be anticipated, as the natural result of the direction the world has now taken; well, then I answer to that good I shall make no pretension, but leave it to those who feel inclined to take it for themselves. I would not, for the world, have any thing to do with it. No, and if a crown were proffered to me, that could make me Queen of the whole universe—or a crust of bread to save—not myself!—but that which I love most on

earth from a death of starvation; I would refuse to accept it from the lie. Its tinsel ornaments cannot deceive or dazzle me, neither can its applause deafen me, thank God!"

In the month of August fell the first sunbeam after a long period of darkness. I mean the victory of the Austrian army in Italy.

"Neuhaus, August 17th, 1848. Oh, joy and gladness! On the 6th, Radetzky entered Milan. How thou hast refreshed my soul, old hero! In a period when faithlessness is no longer called dishonour, thou hast given the glory to loyalty. If an army ever bled for honour, the Austrians have done so on the battlefield of Lombardy. Hence they deserve in my opinion, to be crowned with laurels more than an Alexander or a Cæsar! The monarchy was disorganised; Vienna was in the hands of a rebellious mob, and under the command of madmen; the provinces were revolutionised, the emperor had fled, and, left all authority prostrate; not a sign of life was to be discovered in the government, that bespoke a promise of help, countenance, or encouragement; and, on the other hand, France seemed ready to assume at any moment a hostile attitude. United Germany carried on the foolish and unjust war between Holstein and Denmark, in as poor and dastardly a way as the democratic bugbear of a 'German unity' could deserve to witness; and beheld with malignant satis-

faction the life's blood gushing from the wounds of Austria, nor made a sign of coming to her aid!—But in spite of this melancholy concatenation of untoward circumstances—in spite of the utter want of support and sympathy—in spite of the unfavourable position of his army—Radetzky led them on slowly but perseveringly, and step by step, they fought, bled, suffered, and conquered—in the cause of honour! and in so doing they achieved such a victory, that history scarcely bears testimony of so glorious an example.”

Like a salamander, I lived in a fire of inextinguishable hatred, and inveterate contempt for the whole principle of democracy and all its representatives, followers, and defendants; and so vehemently and intensely did I feel on the subject, that I only wonder how it was that my heart escaped being broken a hundred times by all the crimes and horrors that the Autumn brought with it, and over which the avenging thunder of the good cause rolled but too seldom. I withdrew from all society, and lived in strict retirement in Dresden. No social intercourse could give me pleasure; but one subject formed the topic of conversation, the matter for reflection, and the material with which every newspaper was filled. For art or literature I felt no longer the slightest interest; I may say, they had ceased to exist for me. At this juncture I was taken ill of the measles, and the six weeks of their duration was a relief to me,

by rescuing me from hearing or seeing anything of what was going on in the world. "I will become an Oreade," I said to myself; "a spirit of a rock—a hard, rugged, repulsive rock. Who knows what energies silence and stillness may unfold? It is sometimes of great advantage to the soul, when the intellect is obliged to work, like a miner in a half-choked-up shaft, by the dim light of a shaded lamp. It is not for myself and my own future that I despair. No, at intervals I can become desperate or melancholy—and now I am both—because it is for others more than for myself that I despond. That may sound proud and conceited, but I cannot alter it, in order to appear humble; for I cannot help seeing how senselessly, and involuntarily, because universally, the spirit of democracy is worshipped by the men of our age; and it is my firm conviction that none of the great and noble qualities of man can be developed by that spirit; for as its grand aim is to secure material comforts to all, it calls forth in all, selfishness, sensuality and cunning, which include the extremes of coarseness and vulgarity in human nature. How can I connect any hope or confidence with either the present or the future of those who resign themselves to it. That would be an inconsistency of which I am incapable. But I believe that those who do not bow down in worship before it, and who—if only as an unheeded minority—form a countre-opposition to

the anarchical spirit of the age, are designed to foster the vital spark which still exists in the decaying corpse, and to save it, like the seed that is covered by the winter snow, for a coming spring. Among these countre-oppositionists I reckon myself, and consequently it is not for myself or my future that I feel any despondency."

Dresden, November 30th.—The winter passed ; the spring arrived. All the world will remember the dreadful days of the month of May, 1849 ;—at all events, they will remember them better than I do ; for over that May and over my heart the hand of death threw a mourning veil, which was so dense and black, that for a long time I could see nothing, nothing in heaven or on earth, nothing within me or around me.

Every Sunday I went to hear mass in the Catholic church in Dresden, and there I felt as if I should have melted away in the floods of my own tears : a soft, spring-like air seemed to dissolve the ice at my breast, and it appeared to me as if a warm hand had gently touched my rigid heart. What was it that thus acted on me ? Then I knew not ; I had not even a foreboding of what it could be ; but now I thoroughly comprehend it. " I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee !" this is the call that issues, without a word, without a sound, from the altar where

the living heart of the God of love lies veiled in the blessed Eucharist, and beats with divine force against the soul of man, most forcibly there where the soul is the most inconsolable, because he alone can console it. Then I knew nothing of that holy mystery which is a miracle of divine love, that may, indeed, be called worthy of a God to perform. I only felt the necessity of kneeling in a consecrated spot—I will not say of praying, because I scarcely know whether I was able to pray. And behold, like the prodigal son, I was met by divine and fatherly love, as soon as I made the first advance towards it. And in that weak and imperfect advance I stopped again, for I went to spend the summer in Holstein, and experienced not the slightest amelioration in the melancholy state of my spirits during my stay there.

From thence I returned on the 6th of October to Dresden; and as I entered the room in which I usually wrote and read, I sat down at the table and undesignedly threw open the Holy Scriptures: it was a copy of the Bible that I was particularly attached to, because it had accompanied me in my journey to the East. I had opened the book at the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, and my eye was arrested by the first verse—"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

That verse made a never-to-be-forgotten impression upon me: I remained, I know not how long, with

my head leaning on my hand, and gazing at the open book. The words, "Arise, shine!" seemed to look at me as if they would exhort, encourage, warn and promise all at the same time. A something like the twilight of the early dawn began to throw its beams upon the dark black night of my soul, and streak with a pale, weak light, the edge of the horizon. The way in which I bore my sorrows was a stubborn resistance to the will of God, a refractory opposition to his Providence, that I had long been sensible of; but I refused to become resigned! because I presumptuously fancied that in making such resistance my heart would break. But resistance does not break the heart, it only turns it to stone; it cannot raise the heart out of the bosom into another sphere, but it can make the breast its coffin, so that we carry about with us the corpse of our better self. I did not die of grief, nor of rebellion: I lived, therefore God must have thought proper to have my life. Had I not always maintained that the aim of life was to unite the will so intimately to the divine will that they should be but one? and was it not a necessary consequence of a nature so absolute as mine to live and act as I thought and spoke? Wherefore then did I now place myself in direct contradiction to the divine will, and thus act in opposition to my own conviction, and, consequently, live in disharmony with myself? That must necessarily make

me wretched. But in the midst of this wretchedness the watchman's cry from the pinnacle of the temple came upon me, saying :—" Arise, shine !"

The question, But what am I to do ? naturally presented itself to me. Not for a single moment did my thoughts turn towards the world, with the supposition that there might be a comfort, a charm, a hope, still left in it for me. No ; I had done with the world, and for ever ! I never knew how to live on good terms with illusions. I have often erred in my wishes and aspirations, because truth had been hidden from my sight ; but wilfully to deceive myself, and to say to falsehood, Come, thou shalt be my truth ! that I could never do ; and now less than ever,—now that my soul was prepared to become the scene of a violent wrestling for light. I had often been asked why I had ceased to write ? I had been entreated to do so, because my friends thought it would amuse me, occupy me, and give my thoughts another turn. If I had been capable of following their advice, they would have been right in giving it ; but I *could* not do so, and in the sphere of creative activity the main thing is, *to be able*. My answer was always,—I have nothing to say, either to the time, or the world that surrounds me : we have no sympathy with each other, and without sympathy or feeling I can undertake nothing. No, I had not the most distant idea of any future activity as an authoress, particularly as I was



much too restless and excited to be capable of any strong mental concentration. To be able to write, requires a certain command over oneself, so as to prevent the intrusion of all disturbing ideas, even when they are beloved ones, or, at least, to refuse to turn round and look at them, if they approach and look over the shoulder. But I was far from being capable of such a victory over myself.

To invent occupations, in order to avoid sitting with my hands in my lap, I never understood either. That appeared so very superfluous to me! Why should I undertake to do anything that was quite unnecessary to be done at all? This sluggishness of soul arose, I fancy, from an old habit of occasional relaxation from all work, even in those years during which my pen had been the most productive. At such times I did nothing but walk out, and read books that treated on such questions or subjects as I wished to gain information of, that I might make use of for my own purposes. This I held as necessary for my existence as that I wrote and travelled; and for the life I then led, because I knew no better, it was really necessary. When that was over, when I no longer wrote, nor travelled, nor had a decided purpose in reading, I knew not how to apply the time that hung upon my hands. When no internal impulse dictated me to go forward, I stood still, and did nothing, because all that was merely external and superficial had no influence over me.

What was left for me, then? Were there not friends remaining? Oh yes; and many friends that in different degrees and respects were near and dear to me. But—they will all understand what I am going to say—the death of *one* had made all the others sink in value for me. Not in regard of them, but as they stood to me. They retained all their excellent qualities, continued kind and good, clever and agreeable; but I—desired all that no more.

I am aware that on this point many think and feel otherwise; that after a severe loss they cling more fondly and firmly to what is left to them; that after a great misfortune in life, they recover from the first shock, and then go on in the old road. My incapability of recovering proves what an immense shock I had received,—not of one feeling, or one faculty, or in one direction, but of my whole being. As an earthquake tears up trees by their roots, and throws them upon naked rocks, so it was in me. The whole tree of life had been torn out of the ground in which its root had been fixed, and where it had put forth foliage and flowers, and was cast upon another soil, to take fresh root there.

My Lord and my God! It was, indeed, another soil which thou in thy mercy hadst appointed for me, from that on which I had lived and been rooted in for so many years, as if there only my soul could find nourishment, whilst she nevertheless either unconsciously, or consciously, like a shipwrecked sailor on

a desert shore, ever continued gazing into the far horizon, to see if no sail that promised approaching rescue could be discovered. But it was not on a wild waste or desert that she existed. Oh, no! she often thought her land was rich and beautiful; but notwithstanding that, her glance was raised to something higher. A voice in my innermost heart was ever whispering to me, There must be something else in life, and something else to do with life, which I know not. This voice is the moving of that essence of our being which yearns after a supernatural life, which thou in thy love and grace hast called us to. But encased in the unredeemed, and rooted in the earthly nature, the voice becomes a torment to us, for its sound comes upon us like the notes of a celestial Alphon horn from an unattainable distance, and we involuntarily exclaim, That land is my home! and then, as if from the pain we suffer in not being able to go there, we cling closer and closer to the beings of earth, and ask from them what they cannot give, cannot secure, cannot be; and as we endeavour to become united to them for eternity, the heart falls against the walls and limits that exist on all sides, and prove to it that all there is finite, and rebounded it feels crushed and shattered. Ah! if any one knew that at the commencement of life! when he courageously throws himself upon the ocean, secure in the belief that it must be his fate to discover the islands of happiness! What

false paths does he follow ; what storms, what tempests has he to encounter before he finds them. And then ! Well, then he beholds the island whose king he has become, and—looks out into the blue, boundless, uncertain distance, in dreamy anticipation, just as I did ! Which of us has ever had his heart satisfied by an earthly happiness ? Not one of us. It may bring us resignation, but not satisfaction : that flows only from an immutable and eternal source, and all earthly happiness, even the highest, is mutable. But as long as we pursue our sea journey, or stand on our enchanted island, we will not believe it, and a shock of the whole natural man is necessary, in order that we may be raised out of our nature by thy grace, my Lord and my God !' in order that we may be able to recognise that thy love is the true object of the yearning of our soul, and that without it we have lived in a world of guilt—not golden beauty—and peopled with shadows. The tree of life lay stretched on the ground, and I comprehended that it could not remain there. But where was it to take root ? I wrote in my diary—

“I cannot delude myself and say, Try this, try that ; perhaps the world still contains something in store for thee. Knowledge and experience never slumber in me ; they cry, ‘No, no, it has nothing !’ Then what is there left for me ?—God.”

There stood the word, the One, the Eternal, which,

sooner or later, must be the only one for us all. For where God is not every thing to man's soul, then he is nothing. He does not take the heart that is but half given to him—only all, or nothing. I calmly sat in judgment on myself, and at last quietly said to myself, "Thou hast never loved him, and perhaps never known any thing of him; only dreamed or filled thy imagination with vague ideas of him. In order to know him, turn thyself towards revealed religion, of which thou knowest so little, and seek there for the eternal truth which thou hast sought so long without finding. Revealed religion will lead thee to God. The path on which thou hast so long wandered will never bring thee to him, for thou wast far from him in the bitterest hours of thy life. And that would have been impossible if the light of truth had illumined thy path; so "arise! shine!" and seek for a new road.

As soon as I have made a resolution, I begin without delay to lay my foundation. In this instance I sent for three books, which were calculated to answer my questions and resolve my difficulties—Luther's Great and Small Catechisms; the Articles of the Rêformed Evangelical Church, by Böckel; and the Resolutions and Canons of the Holy Council of Trent, translated by Egli. Thus I stood at the source of each, and I soon found out in which of them the water of life was held; I read the last-

named book first, and wrote, on the 14th of November, 1849—

“Is it enough, in order to enter the Catholic church, to be thoroughly penetrated by the faith of her being the visible body of the invisible God—to believe that the structure which her profound dogmas have raised is the actual form in which he reveals himself to man? Is it enough to have the ardent longing to become a member of the Catholic church because she is the only imperishable thing in this mutable world, and because she offers to us that which answers to the twofold direction of man’s being? Her form, limited as it is by tradition, answers to our desire for unity, and unlimited as she is in her essence, she opens to the aspiring soul a boundless stage to wrestle and struggle in for her glorification. If that faith and that longing be enough, I may venture to join her.”

Yes, that was what I sought. I had found the point that I-longed after, and towards which the impulse of my soul had been peremptorily urging me, when she could gratify at once her ceaseless yearning for infinite motion and unutterable peace, the one in struggling to change from being a child of dust to become a child of God; the other in the deep consciousness that the unity over which the storms and lightnings of nearly two thousand years have been vainly exhausting their rage, must refer its in-

destructibility to the revealed fulness of divine truth, of which it is the sacred depository, and which it faithfully transmits in genuine purity from generation to generation. Yes, there was what I wanted. There was agreement of parts, there was an armour without a joint, cast in light, as the armour of the archangel's! Nought undefined, no contradiction, nothing imperfectly finished. All the constituent parts in close relation to each other, and following one another in necessary connection—what a happy discovery for a nature so positive as mine, and so thoroughly opposed to every thing vague or dreamy. I speak now in an earthly sense only, as I was not then aware of the ulterior benefit it was to prove to my soul. I knew nothing of repentance, the desire of a reconciliation with God, and the earnest work of securing her salvation to the soul. I was in the search of truth, of revealed and divine truth, anxious to rescue my heart from falling into an abyss, by resigning it over to the worship of truth. And now that which I had sought for lay before me. To be sure, only in a book, and therefore a mere skeleton; but from the harmonious perfection of the anatomical structure, I felt no doubt remaining on my mind about its being the place of the habitation of life, eternal life. I asked not for explanation, instruction, or counsel,—not even of myself. I beheld what was presented to me, and contemplated the dogmas as they were written

down. I did exactly the same with the writings of the Protestant confessions. I lay aside all my own notions, opinions, prejudices, and necessities; they had already given evidence of their inefficacy, for they had brought me out of connection with God, and reduced me to an atom that was in danger of being swallowed up in a whirlpool. But my nature resisted destruction, so I fled from the whirlwind, and escaping, took refuge in a silent and solitary cell, whose four bare walls offered me protection, and presented nothing to disturb the train of my thoughts.

For a single dogma, or a dogma singly considered, no one would be induced to wish or to object to belong to a church, for that would be attaching more importance to a single member than to the whole body, and running in the maze of subjective opinions and judgments, which he who enters upon the examination of a church, with the earnest and undeviating resolution of endeavouring to discover if the objective truth be contained in it, must, if but for a short time, leave behind him. The points to be considered and searched into are, whether the separate dogmas are compatible with each other, if they arise in necessary succession and fall together in natural order, consequently proving thereby that they work from one point, the centre of life, to one end; whether they be comprehensive enough to include the whole being of man, to surround him on all sides, and point out to him his sublime destination,



shewing him the road that leads to it, and placing in his hands the means of attaining it; whether they furnished him with the highest ideals of virtue and blessedness, and promise to him the possibility of realising them; whether, instead of appealing to his weak understanding, his narrow perceptions, and his natural mental powers, as to their own equals, they speak to him from a height that is far, far, above him, whence no human voice has proceeded, in words which no human lips could invent, and proclaim to him a divine revelation, giving him at the same time an irreputable security for its divine nature; whether they can fill up that gulph in the human soul which must either remain covered over by a veil, or receive the full light of the sun of truth, because nothing else can fill it, and it exists in order that it may be filled;—these are the points that must be satisfactorily answered before the step can be made that ends in joining a church, because thereby faith may be awakened within us, that faith which confidently says, Here are the words of eternal life. He who can say that of the church he joins, must receive each separate dogma as one of those words. There is no bartering or bargaining about them! no voluntary signification attached to them, no conditions made on receiving them, but an entire submission, or none at all, for a half subordination is no subordination, because human wisdom cannot keep pace with divine,

—and human wisdom, if it be really wise, always acknowledges that it is incapable of perceiving divine wisdom except by faith in the most profound mysteries; and if it be only conceited instead of wise, it never comes to the perception of that which is divine wisdom, although it may assert its submission on certain points. Faith is a chain of diamonds, the end of which is held by the hand of God, whilst the other reaches down to man. If we seize the end that is presented to us, the firmly linked chain brings us into connection with God. If we seize it not—either because we are ignorant of its existence, or wilfully refuse to acknowledge it—so the connection with God either rests upon a tottering basis that is subject to be swayed to and fro by every changing opinion, or it does not exist at all. On the 14th of December, I wrote :—“The Catholic church alone has been able to complete her structure of doctrine, to roof it in, and head it by a tower, protected from the lightnings that may play about it by the conductor of authority; which authority finds its source in the promise of Christ, that the Holy Ghost should remain with and work in her unto the end of the world. What an outrageous enterprise of the so-called reformers to oppose it, and to exalt the authority of the individual over that of the Holy Ghost!”—And later :—

“In these days one must be clear and decided, and

show to the world what side we take ; whether we belong to Jehovah or Baal ; to Christ or Antichrist. Where is Christ ?—In his church.—Which is his church ? That which he built on Peter when he said :—“ Feed my sheep.”

The confessions of Protestant faith, when placed by side of the decrees of the Council of Trent, made no other impression on me than that of apostacy from the truth—so perverted, so imperfect, so twisted and turned, and so unsatisfactory were they. But I read them with the greatest attention, and the result was ; I felt firmly convinced that if the Protestants were but thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of the founders of Protestantism, there would shortly be no other sort of Protestant left than those who protested against those doctrines ; and furthermore, that if the Catholics were but thoroughly acquainted with the decrees of the Council of Trent, that is, if they regulated their lives according to them, it would not be long before all the Protestants became Catholics. For one thing that appeared as clear as the sun to me, was, that the great apostacy was not produced by the promulgation of the doctrines of Luther and his brother reformers, but that it resulted from the deficiency of strength and energy in Catholic life. If that could once more become strong and lively, if that would once more begin to work through loving obedience and voluntary submission onwards

to sanctification, then the whole world would belong to the Catholic church. I said to a Catholic friend of mine:—

“I am like the swallow, that is supposed to forsake the house which is about to fall to ruins. I leave the decayed and tottering building, for I want a house that can last for eternity, and I know where to find it.”

She understood me. I said no more, and spoke about it to no other person, but on the 1st of January, 1850, I wrote to the Cardinal Prince-Bishop of Breslau, to ask him to assist me in my attempts to enter the Church. And he did assist me. The last three months of the year 1849 were full of blessings for me, because I then had commenced my search after truth, without allowing myself to be actuated or influenced by my own individuality, or subjective conceptions. And how richly does God reward the least exertion which we make for the promotion of our own salvation! That I should have arrived so quickly to a decision to become a Catholic, will not astonish any, I think, who have read the foregoing pages with anything like attention. It is evident that my nature was not deficient in the tendency to believe—it is equally evident that I was not wanting in that faculty of the soul whose aim is the ideal tendency of life—but that which I did stand in need of was, simply, the will to sacrifice every thing for revealed truth—to ask for nothing,

to desire nothing, to seek nothing but Divine revelation; and the will was wanting in me because I loved the creature better than the Creator. I have heard—I will not take it upon myself to say if it be true—that the magnet possesses no attractive power for the iron as soon as a diamond lies between them. Every earthly good or happiness that we do not possess in God, and love for his sake, is like that diamond, which intercepts the union of the soul with God. And the more beautiful it is, the more dangerous is it! for sparkling dust, or coloured stone, of whose worthlessness we are easily convinced, exerts no power over us, is not able to make us believe it is a treasure. But that which has light and durability, value and firmness, all combined in itself,—yes, that may become a rival of the Divine light, the Divine plenitude, and Divine strength, although it can never entirely fill the soul, hold her, or absorb her. It binds her wings, and she suffers it; but—she suffers! And there are moments when she feels that she must use her wings freely, that a weight, a burden, hinders and oppresses her. She tries to deaden her sensations; she reproaches herself for feeling them; she attempts to calm herself; but it always seems to her as if a higher hand must loosen the tied wings, as if it were about to loosen them, and as if she had no answer to make but in the words of St. Augustine:—“*Tout à l’heure! tout à l’heure! encore un moment!*” And that

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moment might never draw to its close, if the mysterious messengers of God, the great storms of life, did not at last strike with irresistible force on the resisting heart, and so overpower it that it resigns up its own will and says, My Lord and my God, do with me as thou wilt !

And the divine blessing is never wanting, when this is earnestly and sincerely said, and the will has resigned itself over to God. It was not withheld from me ! Although my will had made a long resistance before it began to rectify itself—for it is a rectifying of the human will to submit it to a higher will and not a derogation of its force ! it is the most blessed act of freedom !—yet it brought me at last, by hasty steps, to the knowledge of the divine will, because nothing had stood between me and that knowledge but my own will ; no other faith, no patchwork of another confession, which I had to take the trouble of removing. Besides this, I had passed a life of such strong and violent internal struggle, of struggle that I have no words to describe, because words are insufficient. Those who have passed through similar struggles will understand them without words, and those who have not, would not be able to comprehend them if they were described in millions of words. There are gulphs and depths in the human soul, which can only be penetrated by the eye of God, but which we must, to a certain extent, manage

to make agree with the rest of our nature, so as to bring a harmony into our whole life. The difficulties and exertions that these attempts caused me, my inherent restlessness, my impetuosity, and all my other faults—as well as my unwearying search after the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, as I understood those terms—had so entirely ploughed and harrowed the soil of my being, that when at last a good seed fell on it, it could at once take root and spring up. I have erred more and made greater mistakes than thousands of others, because I stood in the midst of error, with all the sincerity of my quick and full heart. But the moment that a ray from the sun of truth fell upon my internal eye, I turned eagerly towards it, and with my whole heart I went over to stand in the circle of its light. It is, I could almost say, the privilege of those who have lived in immense error, that when they at last believe, they do so with immense faith! Great souls are so wonderfully changed by faith as to be wrapped up to the heavens;—it was so with the Pharisee Saul and the Manichean Augustine. But that we who advance so slowly on the path to perfection, should be strengthened and sustained in it, so as not to lose the hope of gaining heaven in the end—that is, perhaps, the greatest miracle of faith.

Not openly to acknowledge the church to which I had entrusted the salvation of my soul, would have

been inconsistent with the whole tenor of my life, and a contradiction to my whole character, to which all secrecy and double-dealing is an impossibility and a horror. Since that, I have been told that I testified much courage in doing so. Under certain circumstances of life, where duty, dependence or other considerations intervene to render it a difficulty, it may be an act of courage. Perhaps also, for certain characters. But I, with my natural love of independence of action, went straightforward to the church as unrestrained as I would have gone to any thing else, without thinking of calling up my courage for the occasion. My whole family were, thank God! perfectly contented with my doing so, consequently I had not any of those painful oppositions to contend with, which so many persons have to overcome on taking a similar step. That I should have taken it, many Protestants will be unable to understand. But that is natural, for they, alas! know nothing of the church. That some superficial minds may think, and their owners say, that I am grown foolish, and have lost my way in the darkness of Catholicism, that is also natural; but in spite of the earnest spirit in which I am writing that idea provokes a smile. The profoundness of Catholic doctrine is so little to be comprehended by that which is styled modern enlightenment, that we might as well expect the gnat to rival the eagle in his flight. I am far from expecting it.



But I was filled with joy, and my mind triumphed at the thought of belonging to the Catholic church. What was the desire and aim of my whole life? Union with God, and a glorious immortality. And in order to secure to myself what I longed for, I had recourse to earthly means, because the moral strength which could seize upon the heavenly was wanting to me. In love, I created a link that was to connect me with the Deity, by seeking the manifestations of the divine essence in it; and I thought I could make the future secure by mental activity. And this went on year after year; I persevered in my course with invincible presumption, notwithstanding the internal voice which warned and exhorted, and encouraged me to something better. But God's forbearance was not exhausted! He withdrew not his hand from me, to leave me in my state of dreamy half slumber. His hand was heavy upon me, and at last awoke me, showing me that from the finite I had no right to expect the infinite—that from two hands filled with dust I dared not expect immortality. But he showed me at once the way in which I could find what I wanted; the way which revealed religion through her mouth, the church, teaches us. In her was the eternal connection with God, through faith—and the eternal life in God, through love—not for a single, solitary individual, that, divided from all creation, clings to the Creator; but the redeemed creature

finds in revealed religion the Redeemer and all those he has redeemed in the unity of faith and love. The whole kingdom of Christ is opened to him, that kingdom which forms Christ's church, his mystical body, filled with glorified saints, with redeemed, hoping, or struggling souls, who look to Jesus as their head, and find in him an eternal union with God, and eternal life. Now, the horizon of life appeared extensive to me, for it reached far beyond this world ! now life itself appeared great to me, for it stood in intimate connection with the whole of heaven ! now, I was able to comprehend that love was the love of souls, and it acquired an infinite standard for me. I was, and I remained an atom—now more than ever !—in this immeasurable sphere ; but not an atom, that was tossed to and fro, by the crossing currents of passion, propensity, or desire ; not an atom that has chosen to govern its own course, to appoint its own destination, refusing to submit or obey, and believing it was capable of going head against the world or contending with the universe, and therefore a mere plaything for vanity and nothingness ; no, but an atom that retaining its identity, and losing nothing of its importance, knows itself to be incorporated with a great and everlasting community, for which it has been purchased by the blood of a God, and for which it has been rescued by the graces of God. That was the union with the

divine for which my soul was created—that the immortal future, for which she was designed! Now the words of Isaiah have a new meaning for me; they called me to the place that I was bound to fill, they gave me my heritage, my portion, and my all, “Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine!” I was his! I had resigned myself, to gain my God—and shall I not rejoice and triumph?

As there are two opposing powers that act upon the physical world, the centrifugal and centripetal power, so there are two corresponding forces that govern the moral world—the tendency which supports that which is, and the impulse which proceeds to something new and unexistent. The first attaches itself to antiquity, to tradition, and authority; the second goes in search of the new—its tendency is motion and transformation. In every individual, in every nation, and in every epoch, both are to be found in different degrees of activity; sometimes the one and sometimes the other, gets the upperhand. Wherever or whenever the one exerts this dominion to an undue extent over the other, it calls forth from the repressed force a necessary reaction, which begins to display itself as a natural opponent, and the two forces stand in evident contrast to each other. At the present time the moving power has become so active that those natures which are negative and pas-

sive are irresistibly drawn into its wake ; but that very fact impels those whose natures are positive, to decide at once on joining or opposing it—it forces them to show to what they belong, to evince by word or deed the side and the party that they support, to make it clear to all eternity. The presumptuous notion of individual power giving to each the full right of creating his own God, his own church, his own religious and moral laws, has been followed by its unavoidable consequence, universal revolt ; and it was in blindly following the moving force, instead of constituting a something to counterbalance it, that we arrived at the dreadful revolution which has made humanity sick.

And I had participated in, nay, even fostered that notion ; not to its full extent, but just as far as I thought proper. When I beheld it, with its long train of consequences, standing unveiled before me, I said, I resign the miserable sceptre ; that I have miserably wielded over my own being ; and in order to exterminate the weeds that have grown up in me, and luxuriated under its sway, I will go back there, where obedience and subordination possess the whole nobility of virtue and the whole beauty of love, because they are the best means of making use of the freedom of human will—to the mother church ! And my confession must follow my repentance. And here again I have cause for joy and triumph, for to the

loving arms of a mother, one may return with sadness, but at the same time with a bound of joy, an exclamation of triumph.

Yes, I am come back—from Babylon to Jerusalem, from a foreign land to my own country, from a forsaken solitude to a blessed community, from division to unity, from inquietude to peace, from falsehood to truth—from the world to God.

And now tell me, thou unknown soul, who has followed me so far, tell me—what dost thou think of me? Dost thou think, The woman is an extravagant enthusiast?—These pages contain no traces of vague exaltation of feeling. Or, she does speak the truth? Oh, remember that I have never, at any time, said any thing but what I held for truth, and that no one has been able to reproach me for my want of sincerity. Or; there is a strong spirit of contradiction in her?—That is true! I contradicted until I found that which conquers contradiction; the objective divine truth; then I submitted at once, and without reserve. Or; she is an aristocrat, therefore the conservative principle of the Catholic Church suits her very well! Yes, I am an aristocrat, and, therefore, I will not permit my life to be regulated by what *I* like or what may suit *me*, but by deep and holy conviction. Furthermore, the church does not represent the wants of a party, but those of humanity, and history shows that all political parties have endeavoured to draw

vitality from her vital principle. And I think an institution that presents to the son of a cobbler the possibility of becoming supreme head of Christendom, is democratic enough. Or ; The woman is happy in her faith, but I have not that faith!—How canst thou say that? If we both possessed a garden, and I cultivated mine, whilst thine was left uncared for—darest thou complain—in my garden, the flowers will not flourish. No! but thou wouldst say, How am I to fill my garden with flowers?—And I would answer thee, Sow the truth! and in proportion as thy care, thy attention excels mine, so will the beauty and abundance of thy flowers. Or, if thou sayest, I could never submit to the authority of another! my mind is too independent, my character too proud, my heart too impetuous, my head too positive!—Oh, beloved soul, it remains a question which of us has the most to complain of in that respect, thou or I ; and in extreme cases, we have both been to render all that subordinate to the will, only not in the proper way, and before the proper authority—for we submit to our own will, our own caprices, our own or others' passions ; then, why not submit to divine truth? I have been able to do so!—Or wilt thou say, Why am I to believe all this for thy sake? I who believe so little—or so much—I answer to that and all the other objections that thou hast to make—Thou art not called on to believe me, oh no ; but

surely thou must say to thyself: That is the way that a sincere soul has taken, after she had wandered over the earth, and searched through the wide world, without finding aught that gave her lasting satisfaction, without gaining a home in which she could abide and say, There I can rest for eternity. No, on the contrary, wherever she was she felt as if in a tent, that the first gust of wind could overturn—and when at last that really happened, and her tent was blown away in the desert, she wandered on like the children of Israel, and escaping from the desert she arrived in Canaan. Is it impossible for me to do likewise?

Oh no, thou unknown soul, thou shalt not believe me; but when on thy path in life, divine truth strikes at thy heart as it struck on mine, then believe it, and open thy heart to let it enter. Oh let it not be with thee as it was with Pilate, who though asking, “What is truth?” and fully inclined to receive it, feared the world too much, and anxiously washed his hands, but went away and let them crucify the Saviour. Oh let him not be crucified in thy heart, but crucify that which opposes him there, and think, consider, that by a single act of self-conquest, by a single sacrifice of thy will, thou canst gain a God.

Oh thou soul, I know thee not, know nothing of thee, neither who thou art or what thou art! and that is all the same to me—for thou art a soul, and I have nothing to do with any thing else. But listen.

If I could but hope that thou wouldst begin thy pilgrimage from Babylon back to Jerusalem, and that —when we meet in the Heavenly Jerusalem, thou couldst say to me;—Thy advice was good! then I say to thee, it is a consolation for my past life to think that I have written these pages.

MAYENCE, *Jan.* 3, 1850.

THE END.

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